TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883. NO. 48

Poetry.

For the Blade.

KISMET.

BY KATHARINE GROSVENOR.

I.

In the heyday of passion, its flame my soul scorching,
My heart cried to Fate, spurning Peace—gentle breath—
For Love's own, living presence, which (thus hearts will reason)
Would fill both my heart and my soul—That or death.
But Fate was wiser, much, than I.
And would not hear my heart's wild cry.
My heart, me seems, had never known
A peaceful morning of its own,
But had been born in noontide heat;
And hands, not half so kind as fleet,
Had on its altar lit the flame
In which were traces of Love's name.

II.

So the flame of the passion, my whole sky flooding,
Burned fitfully, swayed by the strong breath of Fate,
My heart ever crying for Love's living presence—
Had the fire he had kindled forever to wait?
But Fate was wiser much than I,
And would not hear my heart's wild cry.
The fire on its altar flickered, burned,
Until the mid-day sun had turned,
And then, its fuel being gone,
It sank upon the altar-stone,
Amid its ashes, cold and white,
Where ne'er again would Love make light.

III.

How my heart is aweary; the ashes, chill, linger;
The gloom on the altar is deep, after noon,
The sun from its zenith is slowly declining;
My heart, still moaning, will have evening soon;
For Fate was wiser, much, than I,
And would not hear my heart's wild cry.
But if my heart and I should say
How wearily had closed our day,
And if we prayed—not for Love's bliss—
Nor yet for Lethe's charmed kiss,
But just for rest—a long, long rest,
Do you not think our calm behest
Would granted be by erst deaf Fate?
The sun declines; 'tis growing late;
Fate's winged messengers alight
Upon the altar-ashes, white.
The heart, whose morn was scorching noon,
Will have a restful midnight soon.

For the Blade.

VERSICLES.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

THE SOULLESS VEST.

If by some direful chance the lettered earth,
Of all its treasured volumes were bereft,
Methinks mankind might yet endure the dearth,
If only gentle Shakspeare's works were left.

Compensation.

Each year has its season of bloom and blight,
Each soul has its song and sorrow;
Where the owl hoots on the crag to-night,
The linnet will sing to-morrow.

Enigma.

The Stream of Life! Its own initials take,
And read them backward, if you would discover,
The destiny that follows in the wake
Of many a boat that sails its waters over.

Discretion.

The man whose worldly wealth is small,
Should hesitate to risk at all;
While he who riches hath in store,
With firmer foot, may venture more;
But he that hath no goods at all,
May climb, at will, por fear to fall;
And of the three I'd sooner choose,
His lot who nothing hath to lose.

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Naples Not Wholly a Stench Factory—Its Wealth, Commercial Importance and Nobility—Vesuvius and Earthquakes—Favorite Pastime of the Neapolitans—Picturesque Docks—Pric-tly Beggars—Swindling Pedlers and Shopkeepers.

LVIII.

THE BEAUTIFUL PART OF IT.

It must not be supposed that Naples is entirely made up of the stench-producing classes, or that all of Naples is like the low districts of which mention has been made. There is great wealth in Naples, for it is a great commercial City, and very much of noble blood. The large majority of the nobility of this metropolis of the south are like all Italian nobility, poor, but they don't mind that. They live in their mortgaged palaces, and keep their equipages for borrowing is possible, and small trickery thrives here as everywhere. Then there are nobles who really have estates, and they live royally, as men who have estates which cost them nothing to begin with, generally do.

All the territory bordering on the Bay is not stench-infected. Years ago English capitalists came to Naples and purchased a vast extent of low ground which was half the time under water, and filled it, and laid out a wonderful boulevard with gardens and parks, and made it as delightful a spot as there is in the world. They not only did Naples a great good, but they pocketed much wealth for themselves. The strong hand of England is felt everywhere.

The Toledo, the principal business street of the City, while having nothing especial in the way of architecture is a pleasant street for so busy an one. The shops are rather fine and the display of of goods is remarkably good.

Up the steep hills that rise from the Bay there are residences that are palatial in any number. The hills rising from the water-level are terraced to the very summit, the streets zig-zagging upward and lined with magnificent palaces, gardens wonderful in any season of the year, and everything showing the effect of wealth guided and directed in its work by excellent taste. There are orange and lemon groves, rich in their green and yellow when our country is white with snow, there are flowers of every shade of every color in the wildest profusion, there is everything that is soft and beautiful in Nature, enough to satisfy the most luxurious taste.

These streets on the hillside are wondrously beautiful. Below each are other streets, and the roofs of the houses converted into gardens, buried in foliage and flowers. Below them, in the basin, is the vast City stretched out along the crescent-shaped Bay. To the right the water is studded with islands, and across is the range of mountains of which Vesuvius, the terrible, is the peak and crown. From this point of view it is not terrible. Villages cluster around the base of the mountain, above which, one-third of the way up, are vineyards and olive-orchards. Rising out of this foliage is the lava-covered mountain, black and grewsome, but distance softens the horrible black into a pleasant brown, which contrasts delightfully with the sea of green from which it springs, and then from the very summit rises the column of smoke perpetually, which from a distance of 20 miles is feathery and soft.

This column of smoke is assuring and therefore always pleasant to the Neapolitans. So long as the smoke rises and the internal fires show activity the mountain is not dangerous, for the terrible forces contained within them are having vent. But when the smoke ceases, and the fires refuse to show themselves Naples trembles. Then the hidden forces all the more terrible because they are hidden, shake the earth, and such calamities as that which destroyed Ischia occur. Naples is constantly in dread of an earthquake. The fate of Pompeii can never overtake it, for it is too far from the mountain, but any day an earthquake may swallow it, as it did Lisbon an hundred years ago. The earthquake is the standing dread of the beautiful City. However, the Neapolitans don't mind it. They pray to their saints, and dance and sing, and drink wine, and eat macaroni, content with the day. It is well that earthquake regions are populated with this kind of people. Were they swallowed up they wouldn't be very much missed from the world.

NEAPOLITAN SPORT.

Without knowing why you come back to the broad avenues on the Bay, near the mouths of the noisome alleys. Naples lives out-of-doors, for the soft air is always pleasant. There are thousands of women in chairs out on the broad boulevard, alternating knitting with hunting each other's heads for lice. This latter is a favorite occupation, and go where you will on the streets occupied by the lower classes, which are the lowest in the world, you shall see this species of sport at any hour of the day. Mothers with great solicitude search the heads of their children, sisters kindly go through each other's heads, neighbors are kind to each other in this particular, and nothing is more common than to see two old crones, one operating upon the other's head, discussing the gossip of the neighborhood the while. Nay, more, young lovers relieve each other in this way, mingling the killing of small deer with protestations of eternal love and devotion.

"Ah!" murmurs Marguerite, as Guiseppe searches among her raven locks and always with success, "a few more short months, my heart's beloved, and you may hunt my head in our own doorway, and not on the sidewalk where everybody may see us."

"It cannot come too quickly," replies Giuseppe, tackling a monster filled with the life-blood of his beloved, "it cannot come too quickly, and by that time I shall own my own boat, and we will have ivory combs, and——"

"Nay, no ivory combs. Your fingers, darling, are better and more soothing. Should we have ivory combs I should have no lice, and without lice what would we while away the hours at? No, I would have them always that I may always have thee hanging fondly over me."

That's the way lovers among the lower orders talk in Naples.

You shall see a line of four all on the sidewalk, and all thus employed:—the grandmother hunting in the head of her daughter, the daughter in the head of her child, who, not to be out of the fashion, chases with nimble fingers the elusive flea in the shaggy hair of a misanthropic dog. They have a passion for this killing of vermin.

Other varieties of vermin are as plentiful as lice, indeed it is the paradise of everything that is annoying to the human body.

How these people live is a mystery, or would be in any other climate than this. The sun generally shines in this part of Italy, and when it doesn't it is very mild and even warm. Nature has settled the fuel question. Fuel is not needed except for cooking, and as the poor classes have nothing to cook, that one of the expenses of life elsewhere may be classed as a superfluity.

CHEAP LIVING.

Fuel being unnecessary, clothing may be set down as another unnecessary article. The clothing of the women, the ordinary every-day clothing when there is no call for display, consists of a heavy head of hair and a cotton gown dropping from the shoulders to anywhere below the knee, according to the length of time it has been worn. Shoes are not fashionable and underclothing would entail an entirely unnecessary expense.

Of course every woman has clothing in reserve for fete days and festivals, and nights at the theaters when she wishes to dress, and she bears the burden of clothes like a martyr, but the ordinary dress is reduced to just enough to partially hide her nakedness.

RAGS.

The children rather excel in general and systematic raggedness anything in the world. I say systematic, for the stranger as he looks at a boy or girl on the streets of Naples, is convinced that there must be a cunning design in the rags he or she wears, that the entire outfit is the result of long study rather than the gradual disintegration of cloth and its division into picturesque fragments hanging together by strings and threads. There is a depth and breadth to Naples rags that may not be seen anywhere else in the world. There are miraculous hangings together, and frail catches, so frail that were a single thread to break the whole suit would melt like the Flying Dutchman or the Deacon's One-Horse Shay. The best of them are the worst ever seen, they are so bad indeed that one wonders why the wearers take the trouble to bother with clothing at all, but, declaring independence of civilized costumes as they have long ago of ordinary decency, go naked as they came into world. How they ever get into their rags in the morning or get out of them at night is one of those mysteries for which occular demonstration is alone sufficient.

A pair of drawers open before and behind to save the expense of buttons, and a shirt the extremity of which always afloat from behind, like a flag of distress, make up their costume. They want no shoes and they would not know how to wear a head-covering of any kind. But they enjoy life. They roll in the dirt and chase carriages and gamble with oranges all day, perfectly happy. They awake in the morning with the sweet certainty that their fleas are not to be tormented with soap and water. They rise as they slept, rush out to a neighboring garbage pile to see what fortune has sent them for breakfast. A bit of bread, a scrap of refuse meat, a bone, an orange or apple core, anything that is light and digestible and easily found or stolen does them, and they are fed for that day, unless they discover something else in their skirmishing.

The noonday meal for those who can afford it is a plate of maccaroni, which is eaten in the street in front of the cook who boils it. A mass of that edible food on an unwashed plate may be had for about one cent.

The problem of life is not a difficult one to him who can sleep out of doors, breakfast on nothing, dine upon a cent's worth of macaroni, sup on a picked-up stump of a cigar, and who never wears clothes or has any laundry bills. Living in this way is very easy of attainment, and when one's desires are so few, and one is contented with just this and has no aspirations, there is no trouble about living. But this can only be done in a mild, frostless climate, where sleeping under bridges is health-promoting, and the minimum of clothing will answer all purposes. This is Naples and hence Naples may be said to be the lazy men's paradise.

THE PRIEST BEGGAR.

Begging priests is another feature of life in this horrible, but beautiful City, this City for which nature has done everything, but which man disfigures by his presence, this City of which the poet wrote:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Anywhere along the streets you meet greasy friars, whose noses shine, not with godliness, but with fiery, cheap wine; whose necks show above a dirty, greasy, worn collar, more greasy, more filthy, than the collar; whose bare, stockingless feet are blacker and more filthy than the sandals which keep the sole from the filth in which he treads; whose unshaven face is a map of all the vices that afflicts manhood, you meet this kind of beings in cowl, gown and cord, with greasy fists extended, muttering supplications for coppers in a regular, professional mendicant's whine, and if, you look reckless enough, with a suggestive leer which is an offer of guidance to any vice the stranger desires. These hoary nuisances are not only drunkards and lechers themselves, but they are only too happy to serve as pimps for the smallest possible compensation.

It is a sight to see them flock down to the fish docks when the boats are coming in laden with the finny plunder of the seas. They flock down to the quay, each with a little basket, and as the fish are being measured out for the market they beg for a few. Sometimes the fishermen do throw them, in a contemptuous sort of way, fish that are not marketable, but as a rule, no attention is paid to them. They manage, however, to pick up enough fish that are dropped from the baskets to fill their baskets, and the oil to fry them in they buy with the proceeds of their begging.

There are too many of these locusts in Naples, but the number is decreasing. It is becoming more difficult for them to live each year, and the race is dying out.

THE HARBORS AND QUAYS.

The harbor of Naples is unexcelled either for beauty or safety. It is almost surrounded by land. It is an indentation, being protected by jutting headlands, and across its mouth are lands which make the protection perfect. It is entirely safe and inexpressibly beautiful. The water is very blue and so pure that pebbles can be seen at the bottom at almost any depth. The almost always shining sun, and the clearness of the atmosphere, makes the distant headlands and islands visible without the aid of a glass. It is as beautiful as beautiful can be.

There is shipping lying in its friendly embrace from every country in the world, while myriads of vessels of all kinds, from the enormous steamer and the great sailing ship to the pleasure yacht and fishing boat, are skimming across the beautiful sheet of water which ripples and glistens in a sun which is very seldom under a cloud.

Along the quays you see very many costumes The Neapolitan is a half Greek himself, and he wears the Phrygian cap of red with the short white trowsers that comes only to the knee, displaying a striking dark leg. But he is the least picturesque of the lot. There is the broad-trowsered Dutchman, the trim American, the sturdy Englishman, the little Frenchman, the active Greek, the Turk, the Algerine. All the nations and peoples are represented.

The loading and unloading of vessels is done very clumsily with man power, making the docks look very busy, though in an English or American port ten times the work would be accomplished with one-tenth the noise and confusion. But hand labor is very cheap in Naples, cheaper than the machinery which other nations use. Everything except the very largest of bulks is taken out of the holds of vessels on the backs of men.

One dock is given up entirely to the receipt and shipment of fruit. Oranges, lemons, grapes, olives, and all that sort of fruit comes in from the islands or the smaller ports on the mainland, to find here the larger vessels which convey them to every part of the world.

THE DONKEY.

The donkey is more of an institution in Naples than anywhere else, and a variety exists here that is more hardy, and capable of enduring more brutality, than any other kind of donkey on the globe. They are little, diminutive animals, with rough, shaggy hides, and an expression of face, as though life was omething to be endured and not enjoyed, as though they were conscious that they had so many years of scant living, and brutal beating, and that those years must be gone through with and that relief was only in death. Of all animals the donkey comes the nearest to humanity in the expression of its face. There is nothing human in the features, but there is a human look about the eyes, an expressiveness, half-mirthful, half-sad and all cunning, that no other animal has. The monkey has a half-human face, but it is malicious. The donkey has a reasoning expression as though a human mind had been thrown into the body of an ass. It is singular that the donkey should be classed stupid—there is nothing stupid about him. He is the most sagacious of animals. He never kicks but he hits what he kicks at, and whoever he kicks has reason to remember it. He is as certain in his kicks as fate and as deadly as lightning. And when he has kicked there is an expression of satisfaction on his countenance, a pride that is even more than human.

The donkey in Naples does the bulk of the labor, and monopolizes a large share of the brutality. No matter how faithfully he pulls, or how heavy the load that is piled upon him, he is beaten perpetually. The donkey was apparently created as a vent for the innate brutality of these people. They act as a sort of lightning rod for the wives. The Neapolital donkey driver having a donkey to beat lets his wife off easily. The favorite method is to lash the poor animal with a heavy whip till that becomes tame, and then beat him between the ears with the heavy butt thereof, keeping this up for the mere fun of the thing, till the wearied arm relaxes from exhaustion and the donkey has rest.

An English lady once remonstrated with a donkey driver for his brutality.

"The donkey is not a Christian," was the reply, "and I may beat him if I choose."

"But why beat the poor donkey?"

The driver had never before heard an appeal for a donkey, and he could not understand it.

"Guiseppe! Philippe! come hither!" he cried. "Behold the mother of donkeys!"

The loads these little rats, not more than three feet high, are compelled to pull or carry is something wonderful. After everything possible is piled upon the cart or panniers that can be piled, the driver mounts the pannier or cart himself, adding his 200 weight to the already enormous load. And then the whip and bludgeon is called into requisition, and the little martyr moves off somehow to its destination, and gets there, if it does not fall down and spite its owner by dying on the street. Could the Naples donkey-driver manage two bludgeons at once it would be still worse for the donkey. It is fortunate for the much-abused brute that there is a limitation in the matter of hands and arms to his master's power for cruelty.

There is no consideration for animals among these animals. An overworked horse will fall down in the streets from sheer exhaustion. The driver will spring from the cart and beat the poor animal on the head, the blows falling as fast as possible for a muscular arm to strike, till the animal, dazed and stunned, manages somehow to stagger to its feet, when the beating goes on till it moves. The horses of the cars and trucks are not only unmercifully beaten, but they are half-fed, and covered with galls and bruises. A cab-horse in Naples is a sorry sight, and a decent man takes no comfort in riding after them.

There is an excellent field in Naples for a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The owners and drivers of horses and donkeys appear to consider them their natural enemies, and treat them worse, if anything, than they do their wives.

If there is a car or truck horse in the City that does not bear the marks of ill-usage we did not happen to see it. Their lives are by no means happy ones. Naples is the inferno of animals.

STREET PEDDLING.

Street peddlers abound as thick as lice in Egypt, or to give a better idea of their number, as lice in Naples. In the matter of lice Egypt even when plagued was nothing to Naples, The wrath of the Almighty did not produce more lice in Egypt than does the filth of the people in Naples. But this has nothing to do with the street peddlers.

All kinds of goods are sold by peddlers upon the streets as well as in shops. Peddling exactly suits the Neapolitan temperament, as there is no very hard labor in it, and it affords great scope for lying and swindling. It is some labor to carry a basket or tray, and he had rather not do it, but that is overbalanced by the delight there is in lying to somebody, and getting the better of somebody, which this occupation affords him. He doesn't make much money, but then he doesn't want much.

As in other parts of Italy, truth is not a part of their system, and a lie is considered the first virtue. To reap some advantage from a lie is to experience the the highest delight known to the Italian mind.

Also there is no price for anything. Your street peddler appears to you with a pyramid of fancy baskets which attracts the attention of your lady friend. She asks the price, and the answer comes slowly, deliberately and desperately, "15 francs."

"Bah! it is too much." (By the way, the experienced one would say "too much" if the price had been a franc.)

"What will madam give?"

"I am not putting a price upon your goods. That is for you to do."

"Trade is dull and my children cry for bread, I will sell the basket for 13 francs. But I make no profit. I am eating up my capital."

There goes on more chaffering, the seller dropping a franc at a time to begin with, and then a half-franc, till finally he is down to five francs. Then the final struggle begins. The lying that has preceded this, is merely clearing the ground. The seller looks expectant, and the lady defiant.

"I will give you!" (she says very slowly and with great impressiveness.) "I will give you exactly two francs, and not a sou more. There need be no more talk—two francs or nothing."

The peddler sees that she is in earnest, and that farther talk is unnecessary. He cannot, however, forego the delight of another lie, for they hold on to their luxuries as long as possible, and he commences one, but is cut short with the peremptory "two francs!"

"I will take it," he says very quickly, and before the astonished woman has an opportunity to say "no," the basket is in her hands.

The villain made a good franc and a half as it is, and goes away bursting with a joy that he has to conceal till he turns a corner. Then he throws down his baskets and rolls upon the ground in an extacy.

The new comer thinks himself smart, and thinking to beat the vendor, offers 10 francs for what is asked 15 for, and goes about exhibiting his purchase in proof of his cuteness, and is laughed to scorn immediately by those who have been here a week.

The shops are but little better. There are shops where they deal with comparative honesty, and where the prices are fixed, but they are few and far between. Falsehood is a part of the Italian system in trade, and is considered no crime, or even a fault. The merchants operate upon the theory that they will never see their customers again, and the best policy is to make the most out of him while they have him in their clutches. The price asked is always more than they expect, and to get anything above what they will sell at, if you have patience to chaffer, is to make them happy.

There is no dependence to be placed upon their representations as to goods. You have to depend upon your own judgment, and unless you are a very good judge of an article you are certain to be swindled, for there is no lie too huge, and no adulteration or shoddyizing too outrageous for these highway robbers.

BEGGING A FINE ART.

Begging is reduced to a science in Naples and is worse than in any part of Italy. The streets swarm with beggars, and you cannot go anywhere without encountering them of every possible variety and using every possible pretext. Here is a woman with a baby in her arms, extending her dirty paw for alms with the everlasting whine, "*multo fame.*" There is no reason under heaven why the woman should beg. She is strong and healthy, and the baby is also strong and healthy. Both are certainly strong, if you come between them and the wind. She could work the same as other women work, but the fact is she was born a beggar, she begged as a child, she was carried in the arms of her mother or some other woman as is the child she carries, she never did anything but beg and never will. She has no excuse, she is not deformed or misshapen or in any way incapacitated for work, but she never did work. She was born with a whine and an outstretched hand and she will die with these accompaniments. Boys beg who have homes of some sort, farmers by the roadside who have cattle, beg. Begging comes to you in every conceivable form and you are rid of it nowhere.

It is nothing uncommon to see beggars, tall, strapping, strong men, whose sole ground for appealing for charity is the fact that they have but one eye. There is no reason why a man with one eye should not labor, but he doesn't. He stands with his paw extended, rolling his remaining eye at you and ostentatiously exhibiting the socket which once held another.

Mutilation for the purpose of exciting sympathy is very common. It is a fact that children are purposely maimed to be used for begging, not a few, but thousands of them. They amputate arms and legs, and destroy hands and eyes, and produce all sorts of deformities for the purpose of exciting sympathy.

The boy with a fever sore is counted lucky, and an amputated arm is something to be proud of.

"And how is your dear Antonio getting on with his shoulder?" asks one old crone of another.

"To amputate the arm at the shoulder joint is a very severe operation, but Antonio is an ambitious boy, and he endured it without a murmur. He has a brilliant future before him. To cut off an arm below the elbow is nothing now. There are too many of them. But a boy with his arm off at the shoulder, with his shirt opened to show that it is genuine, and no trick, is capital enough for any one. Antonio will be ready to take the street in a few weeks, and then his father and I will retire. I may stay with him for a few years, for I am getting old enough to look decrepit, and doubtless my being with him will add to the effect upon the stranger. An old woman with a boy whose arm has been amputated at the shoulder joint ought to be a good thing. Anyhow, I leave Antonio all right. He will be no common beggar, but has capital to commence with that makes his future certain. It cost a great deal to get the operation performed, but I am always willing to sacrifice myself for my dear children."

This conversation may never have occurred, but there is no reason why it should not. Maiming children is a regular thing and is done every day in Naples.

At Sorrento one old crone assailed two Americans who stopped to chaff her. Another old woman edged in and held out her hand. This unwarrantable intrusion put old woman No. 1 into a rage

"The signores are mine," she shrieked, "what right have you to come to them when I had them first?"

"They are no more yours than mine," was the angry reply of No. 2. "Do you think you have a monopoly of all the strangers because you happen to meet them first. You are a pig."

"A pig am I? You say I am a pig? You come to the signores whom I found. You are the mother of pigs."

At this No. 2 flew at the throat of No. 1, and No 1 fixed her talon-like fingers in the hair of No. 2, and the amount of strength they displayed in their struggle showed clearly that were they inclined to work there was no reason for their begging. Taking advantage of the melee the tourists slipped away, and when the fight was over, the victor found that the prize she had fought for had vanished. Such is life. How many things we struggle for lose all their value while the struggle is in progress. The old beggar-women are not alone in this kind of experience.

Our Story Teller.

MRS. ROSAMOND.

It is sometimes a mere chance which will tangle, untangle, or unite the threads of two lives. Mr. Church, an eccentric gentleman of wealth and leisure, who had been several times disappointed in friendship and in love—perhaps through an error of judgment in forming a higher standard than frail human nature can attain—found himself attacked by an acute malady of the eyes, for which the oculist prescribed a somewhat peculiar treatment, and inserted an advertisment in one of the daily papers—a copy of which was wrapped hastily around some work and carried to Mrs. Rosamond Wynne.

This lady was at all times fonder of reading than sewing, and the sight of a fresh newspaper was an event so rare as to be regarded as a treat. She lighted her lamp and gave herself a holiday while she ran her eye up and down the columns. Naturally she turned to the advertising page for she was of a hopeful temperament and liked to fancy that some day she would find some more congenial employment than that of making buttonholes; but, as usual, the papers had little to offer to a decayed gentlewoman. She had not the skill or training to fill the situations of nurse, cook, or laundress; her inclination did not prompt her to apply for the position of housekeeper to a middle-aged widower with four engaging children; nor did she wish to correspond with a young man with a light mustache with a view to matrimony. She was about to put the paper down with her customary sigh of disappointment, when her eyes fell upon the following:

A gentleman suffering with inflammation of the eyes wishes to secure the services of a person (not an elocutionist) who can read aloud, intelligently and agreeably for five or six hours per day. Must be able to pronounce correctly all English and most foreign words. Salary, $10 per week. Apply at once to No. 705 Clayborn street.

Mrs. Rosamond felt her heart beat with the sudden elation of hope. This, at least, was something she could do, and $10 a week was opulence to a person in the habit of making buttonholes for 20 cents a dozen; but she had lost a day already, and with it perhaps the opportunity of a lifetime. The excitment of the new idea unfit her for her usual work. She moved restlessly about, brushed and rebrushed her old dress, and tried to turn the crape on a hat which had braved the storms of several seasons.

The next morning she set out as early as was consistent with propriety. It was a long walk, and she did not feel justified in the extravagance of taking a street-car. The weather was bad, and she was wet and weary before she reached the house.

"I read an advertisement in the *Times* yesterday," she began timidly to the man who opened the door.

"Yes, miss; step in," said the man. He was plump, florid, good-natured, and unmistakably Irish. "Take a seat, miss," he said, indicating a chair. "There's a young man with Mr. Churrch at prisent, but he won't shtay long." Mrs. Rosamond's eyes asked the question her lips did not utter.

"I know by his v'ice," replied the man. "He was a bluntheriff chap, and Mr. Churrch is so nervous with settin' so long in the darruk that he can't abide an A1 reader, let alone a sledge-hammer craythur like that."

Mrs. Rosamond made no comment upon this information. She asked herself: "What manner of man-servant is this, who converses familiarly with ladies?" and then glancing at her shabby attire fancied she saw in it the explanation of his familiarity. His sociability was not easily discouraged.

"I'm what ye moight call a dasint reader mesilf, and many's the time in Californy I've read to Mr. Churrch by the camp-fire about Charley O'Malley and the rest av 'em, but now he's got so harrd to plase nobody can shuit him."

A sharp tinkle of a bell up-stairs interrupted his eloquence. He disappeared, and shortly returned, followed by a huge, sulky-looking young man, who went out went out and banged the door after him. "Now, miss," said the man, and our heroine rose, trying to steady herself for the trial that awaited her. It was evident that she had found favor in the eyes of her new acquaintance, for he stopped at the the head of the stairs and whispered, "Av yer would let me give you a bit of advice. Don't drop a book for the wurruld, or creak a chair, or rustle you dress, or spake until he spakes to you."

His friendliness was so evident that Mrs. Rosamond said "Thank you," and smiled at him in a way which bewildered him completely.

The next moment the handle of the door was turned and she found herself in a room like a library, furnished luxuriously. Across one end of it ran a dark curtain, hung from a rod fastened to the ceiling. She rightly conjectured Mr. Church to be sitting behind it. She moved softly across the room and took her seat in a chair near a table heaped with books, magazines, and newspapers. She was trembling with excitement and nervousness, and was glad of the interval of several minutes which elapsed before a weary and rather querulous voice said:

"Will you be good enough to read something aloud, that I may judge of your voice and manner?"

She went to the table and hastily made a selection from the stock before her. The perfect freshness of the binding proclaimed "That Lass o' Lowrie's" to be still unread; the talkative man-servant had betrayed his master's taste for novels.

In spite of her agitation, her voice sounded sweet and clear, and she gained confidence as she went on. She had the natural gift for reading which comes from an intuitive sympathy with the author. Even the rough Lancashire dialect did not disconcert her, and as she read Joan's strong, forcible utterances her listener felt the thrill which must have subdued the "pit-girls" who were persecuting "Liz."

She finished the first chapter and paused; there was no comment, so she read the second. At the end of this she waited until he said, "Go on, please," in a voice which betokened a languid interest. So she went on until the light failed, and she was obliged to close the book. The clock struck 4, the heavens were obscured with dense, gray clouds, and a fine, dull rain was falling. She was hungry and tired.

"I cannot see to read more," she said, with a slight sense of irritation.

"I am sorry," said the voice behind the curtain. "You will come again to-morrow?"

"If it is to be a permanent engagement," said Mrs. Rosmond, who had learned in the last two years to take care of herself.

"Certainly. You will find the week's salary in advance between the leaves of a blotting-book in the second drawer of the table. Be good enough to write a receipt, and leave it in the place of it."

Mrs. Rosamond's face flushed as she obeyed these directions. The haughty manner of her employer annoyed her. She would gladly have declined the money until it was due, but she was hungry, and this slender bill represented supper and fire and the right to remain in her dingy lodging.

She took her place in the library every morning punctually at half-past 10 and went away as punctually at 4, but she made no progress in acquaintanceship with Mr. Church. She learned accidentally that he went to drive in a close carriage every morning before her arrival. She found him in the same place day after day, or supposed him to be there, for she never saw him. The only visitors she ever encountered were the physician, a prominent lawyer of the city, and occasionally the clergyman of the parish.

The readings gradually embraced a wide range of topics. Sometimes the book was laid aside while she made notes and referred to other authors for corroboration or refutation of fact or theory.

At noon when the talkative man-servant, who name was Michael, brought her some luncheon, of which Mr. Church never partook, she observed in his manner to his master an unrebuked familiarity, which was all the more puzzling in its contrast to the excessive formality of her own relations with him.

The reserve in which he shrouded himself almost amounted to mystery. Never was the curtain lifted or did the remotest personal allusion give her a clew to his circumstances or history. This peculiarity enhanced her interest in him; gradually the thought of him began to haunt her. She dreamed of him at night, and more than once awoke cold and trembling with the idea that the motive of his seclusion was some hideous deformity.

Meantime, her new studies had quickened her intelligence and roused in her a power of thought of which she had never before been conscious. The clever gentleman who received his intellectual diet at her hands did not disdain to converse with her, and the book would often be neglected for an hour during an animated discussion of its contents. Still, to the average woman a purely intellectual intercourse is a barren thing. There are sprouting sympathies and tender yearnings towards confidence which need cultivation and support. Mrs. Rosamond, looking into her glass, observed that the color had come back to her cheeks, and that her figure, in the neat walking-dress which she could now afford to wear, had resumed its rounded contour. She sighed and wondered if inflammation of the eyes was quite incurable. Not that she would ever have sighed if she had known that I would write it down; for she was a proud woman, and kept a strict watch over those sensibilities of which we were about to speak. Still, to the sympathetic companionship of her mirror every woman will lay aside that reticence which is at once her ornament and her safeguard. All the same, she might never have broken the ice and this story might never have come to a crisis but for the Spring which was making insidious advance—and every one knows what subtle influences are stirring with the quickening of young leaves and the housekeeping songs of the little birds. Mrs. Rosamond was not impervious to these sweet influences. One morning she formed a daring resolution. She stopped at a flower-stall and purchased a bunch of blue violets. When she reached the house she did not take her usual seat, and began formally reading the leading editorials. Without stopping to think she walked boldly to the curtain, and, thrusting the violets through, said sweetly and tremulously:

"I have brought you a little bit of the Spring."

There was a moment's pause, then she felt the touch of cold, soft fingers laid uncertainly upon her wrist. The blossoms were taken from her hand and her hand carried impulsively to the lips of her invisible companion. When it was released she sat down in her accustomed chair, and, taking up the morning paper, began to read aloud. When she had finished a long editorial, of which she had not understood a word, he said:

"Excuse me, but was that about the Turkish war?"

She referred to the heading and replied:

"No; it is about the annual exportation of grain."

There was a pause of embarrassment.

"Pardon my inattention," he said, formally. "I am somewhat pre-occupied today."

"Would you like me to read something else?" she suggested.

"I think, if you do not mind coming in here, I would rather talk to you instead."

This proposition put our heroine in quite a flurry, but she arose, parted the curtain, and timidly walked into the darkened chamber. She found a chair with some difficulty, and sat down timidly, fixing her eyes upon the floor. She had speculated so much upon his appearance that even after she became accustomed to the darkness she felt that there would be a sort of indelicacy in looking at him.

"In a few days more," he said, "I shall know whether the experiment has been a success or a failure."

"The experiment?" said Mrs. Rosamond, without looking up.

"The experiment of passing six months in almost total darkness," he replied Her eyes were cast down, she did not speak.

"You have done a great deal to make my captivity endurable," he went on. "If I have been exacting I beg you to forgive me."

"You have been kind," she murmured.

"If the oculist who is coming to-morrow reports favorable of my eyes I shall probably sail at once for Europe; if unfavorably——" He stopped and tried to conceal his emotion by a short, nervous laugh. For the first time she glanced at him. In her thoughts she had wronged him. He was pale, and thin to emaciation, his forehead was high and noble, the lower part of his face was concealed by a soft beard, a light bandage rested upon his eyes, "If unfavorably," he repeated, "I shall perhaps claim your services again."

Mrs. Rosamond answered the interrogation in his voice. "I shall be happy to serve you," she said softly.

He held out his hand to her. "I will send Michael to let you know the result. If it is what I fear it will be," he said, "for of course the verdict will be final, you will come to me?"

She promised, and he pressed her hand gently. She felt that she was dismissed. She said good-by, adding a word of sympathy and encouragement, and left the room.

Outside the Spring-day was bright, but the sunshine saddened her, and the birdsongs had had a note of melancholy. She reached her dull, little room, and, sitting down by the window, thought of the awful blank which his going away would make in her life. "When his eyes are cured," shet said to herself, "he will have no further use for me, and he will forget me utterly, whereas if he were blind I could be the consolation and delight of his life." This thought had no sooner crossed her mind than its wickedness appalled her, and she fell upon he knees and begged to be forgiven.

The two succeeding days were passed in suspense and wretchedness. Upon the the following morning Michael tapped at her door. She scanned his face eagerly, but found no change in it expression.

"Mr. Churrch towld me to bring the carriage, and to remoind you av your promise to spake wid him," he said. She dared not ask a question, for the words of her friend recurred to her, and she felt that she would not have been summoned thus if the report of the oculist had been a favorable one. Her mind was in a strange tumult as she hade her toilet, and she could not define the complex sensations which brought the smiles to her lips and the tears to her eyes.

She found no change in the appearance of the library as she entered it. She approached the curtain and spoke his name in a timid voice, which, nevertheless, vibrated with love and sympathy. He heard her and answered the summons, parting the curtain and entering the room with his hands outstreiched in a groping, uncertain fashion. The bandage was still over his eyes. It moved her with a sharp pity to see him thus blindly feeling his way. She ran to him, took his hands, and led him to a chair.

"I will close the blinds and shut out some of this light," she said pitifully, but he detained her.

"Never mind," he said sadly. "It does not matter now; it will never matter again." She sat down in a chair near him. There was a lump in her throat, and she dared not trust herself to express her distress at his mis misfortune. Perhaps he divined this, for he said after a pause:

"I did not send for you to make any demand upon your sympathy, but to remind you of your promise to come to me as usual upon my return; for the oculist thinks my general health has suffered greatly from the confinement, and that I must take a trip which may prolong my absence for several months."

"It was not necessary to remind me," said Mrs. Rosamond. "I should not have forgotten." Her voice was broken by a sob. Another pause ensued, which she could not fill with any of the commonplaces of conversation.

"Although I have known you so long," said her companion at last, "and part from you with so much regret, I know nothing of your history. Do not tell me anything if it distresses you. I know from your voice that you are young; from the delicacy and dignity of your conduct that you are good."

Mrs. Rosamond flushed at this praise. "My story is very simple," she replied. "At 16 I married against the wishes of all my friends, and learned too late that I had better taken their advice. I could not go back to them, or appeal for aid after their words came true. My husband was ill for two years, and it was then I learned to read aloud. Since his death I have tried to support myself, but as I had no training for anything I have sometimes found it hard."

"No doubt," said the listener gently.

"So," said Mrs. Rosamond, trying to be cheerful. "If I have been of some service to you, you also have been of great assistance to me."

"Yes," he replied immediately, and subsided into another pause before he spoke again; and now the first trace of embarrassment which he had shown appeared in his manner.

"I have a favor to ask of you," he said, "which I am sure, under the circumstances, you will not misinterpret or refuse to grant."

Mrs. Rosamond assured him of her willingness to oblige him in any way.

"It is that you will allow me to pass my hand over your face. I think I can thus form some idea of your features, and perhaps verify the ideal I have formed of you."

Tears sprang to the little woman's eyes at this touching request. She transferred herself to a low stool at his feet and let him lay his hand upon her head. She felt the cool, soft fingers touch her brow, her eyelashes wet with sympathetic tears, her cheeks hot with an unaccountable flush, the soft curve of her mouth and chin.

"Thank you," he said at the close of this investigation. He leaned back in his chair and taking a silken handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the finger that had brushed away one of her tears. Mrs. Rosamond fancied she discovered the ghost of a smile playing about his lips. She felt suddenly humiliated in her own eyes, with the thought that she had gone too far. She rose rather abruptly and said with dignity:

"Well, I suppose I may wish you a pleasant journey, and a safe return?"

"Pardon me a moment," he said, rising too. He groped in the drawer of the table and took something out.

"It is a custom among business men," he said, smiling, "to give a 'retainer' or fee to a lawyer whose services they engage. It is a mere form, intended to 'bind the bargain' as they say, so to make our compact a lasting one I venture to offer you this." As he spoke he put into her hands a little pocketbook of Russia leather.

Mrs. Rosamond was stunned for a moment. When she recovered herself she said:

"I need no 'retainer,' Mr. Church, to make me remember a promise, and I shall never be poor enough to accept such a gift as you offer me."

She held out the pocketbook, and as he did not take it it fell to the floor. He stooped swiftly and suddenly as a hawk and picked it up. A suspicion darted into her mind. "How did you know where it was?" she demanded sharply.

"I heard it fall," he replied, flushingly. "You saw it fall," she cried; and carried away by the impulse of the moment she snatched the bandage from his eyes. He put up his hand to screen them, but in vain. They were no sightless orbs which tried to return the flashing glance with which she confronted him.

"You have deceived me," she cried. "You have played upon my sympathies; you have induced me to all

its hind feet invariably took precedence. It was perpetually pitching forward over its pointed, inoffensive nose, and recovering itself always, after these involuntary somersaults, with the gravest astonishment. To add to its preposterous appearance, one of its hind-feet was adorned by a shoe of Sylvester's, into which it had accidentally and inextricably stepped. As this somewhat impeded its first impulse to fly, it turned to me; and then, possibly recognizing in the stranger the same species as its master, it paused. Presently it slowly raised itself on its hind-legs, and vaguely and deprecatingly waved a baby-paw, fringed with little hooks of steel. I took the paw, and shook it gravely. From that moment we were friends. The little affair of the *scrape* was forgotten.

Nevertheless, I was wise enough to cement our friendship by an act of delicate courtesy. Following the direction of his eyes, I had no difficulty in finding on a shelf near the ridgepole the sugar-box and the square-lumps of white sugar that even the poorest miner is ne er without. While he was eating them, I had time to examine him more closely. His body was a silky, dark, but exquisitely-modulated gray, deepening to black in his paws and muzzle. His fur was excessively long, thick, and soft as eider-down; the cushions of flesh beneath perfectly infantine in their texture and contour. He was so very young, that the palms of his half-human feet were still tender as a baby's. Except for the bright blue, steely hooks, half-sheathed in his little toes, there was not a single harsh outline or detail in his plump figure. He was as free from angles as one of Leda's offspring. Your caressing hand sank away in his fur with dreamy languor. To look at him long was an intoxication of the senses; to pat him was a wild delirium; to embrace him, an utter demoralization of the intellectual faculties.

When he had finished the sugar, he rolled out of the door with a half defiant, half inviting look in his eyes, as if he expected me to follow. I did so; but the sniffing and snorting of the keen-scented Pomposo in the hollow not only revealed the cause of his former terror, but decided me to take another direction. After a moment's hesitation, he concluded to go with me, although I am satisfied, from a certain impish look in his eye, that he fully understood and rather enjoyed the fright of Pomposo. As he rolled along at my side, with a gait not unlike a drunken sailor, I discovered that his long hair concealed a leather collar around his neck, which bore for the present the single word "Baby." I recalled the mysterious suggestion of the two miners. This, then, was the baby with whom I was to "play."

How we "played;" how Baby allowed me to roll him down hill, crawling and puffing up again each time with perfect good humor; how he climbed a young sapling after my Panama hat, which I had "shied" into one of the topmost branches; how, after getting it, he refused to descend until it suited his pleasure; how, when he did come down, he persisted in walking about on three legs, carrying my hat, a crushed and shapeless mass, clasped to his breast with the remaining one; how I missed him at last, and finally discovered him seated on a table in one of the tenantless cabins, with a bottle of syrup between his paws, vainly endeavoring to extract its contents,—these and other details of that eventful day I shall not weary the reader with now. Enough that, when Dick Sylvester returned, I was pretty well fagged out, and the baby was rolled up, an immense bolster, at the foot of the couch, asleep. Sylvester's first words after our greeting were:

"Isn't he delicious?"

"Perfectly. Where did you get him?"

"Lying under his dead mother, five miles from here," said Dick, lighting his pipe. "Knocked her over at 50 yards; perfectly clean shot; never moved after wards. Baby crawled out, scared, but unhurt. She must have been carrying him in her mouth, and dropped him when she faced me; for he wasn't more than three days' old, and not steady on his pins. He takes the only milk that comes to the settlement, brought up by Adams Express at 7 o'clock every morning. They say he looks like me. Do you think so?" asked Dick with perfect gravity, stroking his hay-colored mustachios, and evidently assuming his best expression.

I took leave of the Baby early the next morning in Sylvester's cabin, and, out of respect to Pomposo's feelings, rode by without any postscript of expression. But the night before I had made Sylvester solemnly swear, that, in the event of any separation between himself and Baby, it should revert to me. "At the same," he had added, "it's only fair to say that I don't think of dying just yet, old fellow; and I don't know of anything else that would part the cub and me."

Two months after this conversation, as I was turning over the morning's mail at my office in San Francisco, I noticed a letter bearing Sylvester's familiar hand. But it was postmarked "Stockton," and I opened it with some anxiety at once. Its contents were as follows:

O, FRANK!—Don't you remember what we agreed upon anent the baby? Well, consider me dead for the next six months, or come where cubs can't follow me—East. I know you love the baby; but do you think, dear boy—now, really, do you think you *could* be a father to it? Consider this well. You are young, thoughtless, well-meaning enough; but dare you take upon yourself the functions of guide, genius, or guardian to one so young and guileless? Could you be the Mentor to this Telemachus? Think of the temptations of a metropolis. Look at the question well, and set me know speedily; for I've got fits for as this place, and he's kicking up an awful row in the hotel-yard, and rattling his cunia like a maniac. Let me know by telegraph at once.

"SYLVESTER.

"P. S.—Of course he's grown a little, and doesn't take things always as quietly as he did. He dropped rather heavily on two of Watson's "pups" last week, and snatched old Watson himself bald-headed for interfering. You remember Watson? For an intelligent man, he knows very little of California fauna. How are you fixed for bears on Montgomery street, I mean in regard to cornets and things? S.

"P. P. S.—He's got some new tricks. The boys have been teaching him to put us his hands with them. He sings an ugly lefty. S."

I am afraid that my desire to possess myself of Baby overcame all other considerations; and I telegraphed an affirmative at once to Sylvester. When I reached my lodgings late that afternoon, my landlady was awaiting me with a telegram. It was two lines from Sylvester:

"All right. Baby goes down on night-boat. Be a father to him. S."

It was due, then, at one o'clock that night. For a moment I was staggered at my own precipitation. I had as yet made no preparations, had said nothing to my landlady about her new guest. I expected to arrange everything in time; and now, through Sylvester's indecent haste, that time had been shortened 12 hours.

Something, however, must be done at once. I turned to Mrs. Brown. I had great reliance in her maternal instincts; I had that still greater reliance common to our sex in the general tender heartedness of pretty women. But I confess I was alarmed. Yet, with a feeble smile, I tried to introduce the subject with classical ease and lightness. I even said, "If Shakspere's Athenian clown, Mrs. Brown, believed that a lion among ladies was a dreadful thing, what must"—. But here I broke down: for Mrs. Brown, with the awful intuition of her sex, I saw at once was more occupied with m manner than my speech. So I tried a business *brusquerie*, and, placing the telegram in her hand, said hurriedly, "We must do something about this at once. It's perfectly absurd; but he will be here at one to-night. Beg thousand pardons; but business prevented my speaking before"—and paused, out of breath and courage.

Mrs. Brown read the telegram gravely, lifted her pretty eyebrows, turned the paper over, and looked on the other side, and then, in a remote and chilling voice, asked me if she understood me to say that the mother was coming also.

"Oh, dear no!" I exclaimed with considerable relief. "The mother is dead, you know. Sylvester, that is a friend who sent this, shot her when [illegible] was only three days old." But the expression of Mrs. Brown's face at this moment was so alarming, that I saw that nothing but the fullest explanation would save me. Hastily, and I fear not very coherently, I told her all.

She relaxed sweetly. She said I had frightened her with my talk about lions. Indeed, I think my picture of poor Baby, albeit a trifle highly-colored, touched her motherly heart. She was even a little vexed at what she called Sylvester's "hard-heartedness." Still I was not without apprehension. It was two months since I had seen him; and Sylvester's vague allusion to his "slinging an ugly left" pained me. I looked at sympathetic little Mrs. Brown; and the thought of Watson's pups covered me with guilty confusion.

Mrs. Brown had agreed to sit up with me until he arrived. One o'clock came, but no Baby. Two o'clock, three o'clock passed. It was almost four when there was a wild clatter of horses' hoofs outside, and with a jerk a wagon stopped at the door. In an instant I had opened it, and confronted a stranger. Almost at the same moment, the horses attempted to run away with the wagon.

The stranger's appearance was, to say the least, disconcerting. His clothes were badly torn and frayed; his linen sack hung from his shoulders like a herald's apron; one of his hands was bandaged; his face scratched; and there was no hat on his dishevelled head. To add to the general effect, he had evidently sought relief from his woes in drink; and he swayed from side to side as he clung to the door-handle, and in a very thick voice stated that he had "suthin" for me outside. When he had finished, the horses made another plunge.

Mrs. Brown thought they must be frightened at something.

"Frightened!" laughed the stranger hoarsely the stranger with bitter irony. "Oh, no! Hossids ain't frightened! On'y run away four times in comin' here. Oh, no! Nobody's frightened. Everthin's all ri'. Ain't it, Bill?" he said, addressing the driver. "On'y been overboard twish; knocked down a hatchway once. Thash nothin'! On'y two men under doctor's han's at Stockton. Thash nothin'! Six hunner dollarsh cover all dammish!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT, OF LANCASTER, O.

No. 23.

THE BEAR CHASE.

There was no part of the Northwestern territory where the black bear was not found in considerable numbers, but as the country became populated their numbers became fewer each year, until about 1830, since which time the sight of a wild bear in the woods has been very rare. Their numbers were, of course, somewhat reduced by the hunter's rifle, but the body of them must have fled before the advance of the settlements.

The bear was solitary in his habits at all seasons of the year. It was seldom that more than one was ever seen at the same time. The writer does not remember ever to have seen two at a time. The male and female may have kept near each other during the time of rearing their young, but if so, they did not both show themselves at once, not even when the cubs were in danger. Even the cubs seemed to be solitary when quite young, for they were generally captured, when taken at all, single. Such, at least, was the writer's experience with them.

The mother seemed to be the principal, perhaps the sole guardian, for the male never made his appearance. The mother bear was a formidable and very dangerous foe if her young were attacked, or in iminent danger. If she were come upon suddenly in the woods, when her young were near, which sometimes happened, she at once manifested great rage. The first impulse of the affrighted footman was to flee for his life, for he at once understood the situation. But the difficulty was to know what direction to take, for he was as likely to start towards the young bears as the opposite. If he chanced to start off in the opposite direction, he was safe, for she would not follow. If he unwillingly took the direction towards the cubs, he was in extreme peril, and his only safety was in ascending a sapling so small in diameter that the she bear could not climb after him. They were only able to climb trees whose trunks were large enough to be embraced with their fore-paws. But a man had to be very nimble in getting up the sapling, to insure his safety; and in doing so, generally he was compelled to drop his gun on the ground, if he had one; and instances were not wanting where the enraged beast siezed the gun in her teeth and smashed against the stem of the sapling.

In most instances where young bears were captured, it was where they were found and carried away when the mother was at such a distance as not to be apprised of the presence of the enemy. There were instances known where the she bear, upon returning and finding her young missing, took the trail and followed it to the hunter's camp, and in defiance of the rifle ball, plunged fearlessly in and carried off her cub. A wounded bear was at any time a foe to be dreaded, unless so disabled as to render locomotion difficult and slow. Hunters understanding this, were cautious in firing upon them. Like the panther, when wounded, they become exceedingly furious, and would not flee except before an overwhelming force.

The black bear was partially hibernating, and was seldom seen abroad in Winter. They nevertheless sometimes came out in mild weather, which was a very dangerous experiment for them to make, if there happened to be snow on the ground, for the hunters seldom failed to get on their track, which was easily and rapidly followed by reason of the broad tread they made. And when a bear track was found, the bear chase speedily followed, unless he had a deep cave near to which he could retreat beyond all possible danger to himself; but such retreats were seldom to be had in the level and wild expanses of the western country.

At a time when I was 15 years of age, I was at an uncle's. There was three or four inches of snow on the ground. There was a road passing the yard fence, on the south side, and running in an east and west direction. On the south of the road was a sharp dip of ground, of some 30 feet down to the creek bottom, and this slope was densely set with forest-trees and underbrush, quite up to the margin of the road. My uncle called from the road in front of the house, and told us to come out and see the deli. Off to the south, and seemingly half a mile away, was heard the clamor of a pack of hounds coming, as we thought, directly towards where we stood. We expected soon to see a buck bound across the road. Presently we heard the plashing of the hounds as they crossed the creek 200 yards off, and almost simultaneously a black bear of large size came out of the bushes on the right, and less than two rods from where we were all standing. His sides were heaving, his tongue was out, and the saliva was streaming from his mouth. He halted but for a moment while his red eyes were turned imploringly upon us, and then, as he seemed to say, "Ah, I have nothing to expect from you, "he cantered down the road, and turning the corner of the field, pursued his northern course. In less than two minutes the hounds crossed the rood in hot pursuit.

In a very short space of time my uncle was mounted on his fleet chestnut sorrel mare, and off on the chase. A quarter of a mile above was a neighbor's house. As my uncle approached, he cried, "A bear! A bear!" with the full strength of his voice, and the two men of the place mounted their horses and joined in the pursuit. It was not very many minutes before I had the wagon saddle on the black horse and was just about to mount, when my aunt came out and remonstrated. She told me I would get killed, and that my mother would never forgive her for letting me go. But I told her would go slow, and be very careful, and at once set out. The three men who had started the bear soon came up and passed me. Within about one mile I came to where the bear was at bay. He was sitting on his hunkers with his back against a large white oak, and seemed to be in great distress. About a dozen dogs were around and snapping at him. He sent several of them whirling with a sweep of his powerful arm, and left one lifeless on the ground. Two or three shots were fired at him from horseback, only one of which drew blood. When he had rested some 15 minutes, he suddenly turned the tree and was off under the thick spice-wood. The dog had learned from experience to keep at a safe distance, and were contented to follow close in his wake.

Within another mile, or more, he again came to bay, but this time he was in a clump of bushes, and was scarcely visible. The men feared to fire at him on account of the boys, who were on every side. After another protracted rest, he again led off, and presently made a third stand. His fourth halt was in open ground, and about four miles from my uncle's. He was now utterly exhausted, but apparently resolved to sell his life at the highest possible rate. The men kept to their saddles, not being willing to trust themselves on the ground. Bruin kept himself erect on his hunkers, turning attentively in the direction of the greatest danger, and making furious thrusts anon at his tormentors. He now seemed an object for pity, and one could scarcely drive out the wish that he might triumph over his assasins. Presently a ball pierced his breast, which seemed to be fatal. He fell over, and after making a few plunges, got partially on his feet and buried his head and shoulders under a brush heap that was covered with snow, where he lay perfectly still. After some minutes, one of the hunters, believing him to be dead, approached, and lay hold of the long hair dragged him out with the intention of cutting his throat; but no sooner had he been relieved from the brush than he raised, and with a thrust of his paw sent the would-be cut-throat heels over head, tearing away one leg of the pantaloons, and a patch of skin from the calf, besides considerably stunning the hunter. A fatal shot in the head then closed the scene. The weight of the beast was nearly 400 pounds, the hide was taken off, the meat cut up and divided among the men, and we all dispersed o our homes. From the point where the bear was started to the place of his death, was over 30 miles. The track was first discovered near Hillsborough, Highland County, Ohio

An uncle of mine was carrying up water out of a deep recess in the rock, in the State of Kentucky, to water some stock. It was cold weather, with snow on the ground. He heard the cry of hounds in the distance and supposed they were chasing deer. They seemed to be coming nearer. He was in the act of dipping water from the spring at the bottom of the steps, when his attention was arrested by a panting noise, and rising up he saw a huge bear slowly staggering towards him, with blood trickling from his side. He seemed scarcely able to keep on his feet. It was in a narrow defile, with high rocks standing up on both sides. My uncle was an athletic and fearless man, and instead of retreating up the stony steps he grasped a heavy bludgeon and attacked the beast, whose life seemed nearly spent. But feeble as he was, he made war, furiously. The contest lasted several minutes, and he had just succeeded in crushing the bear's skull and getting him down when the hounds and the hunter came up.

Humor.

BUYING STAMPS.

The Way One Woman Did It.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Let me have five two-cent stamps, please," said a lady to the retail stamp clerk in the Postoffice yesterday.

"Yessum," he said, handing them out.

"Can't you let me have them in one piece?" she asked.

"Certainly, ma'am," said the clerk, "Can I send them home for you?"

"Oh, no; I don't live far—only on the North Side—and I am going right home. I wouldn't want to put you to the trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the clerk. "I haven't much to do to day, and could very easily spare an hour."

"Very much obliged," said the lady, smiling sweetly. "Dear me," she said, putting on a stamp. "What a horrid bother it is to stamp letters! Why can't we send letters and let the Postoffice send in their bill once a month?"

"They might just as well," said the clerk, sympathizingly. "I'll mention the fact in my next message to Congress.

"Will you? How nice! But you mustn't mention my name. Say the idea was suggested by a North Side society lady, won't you?"

"Certainly, ma'am," said the clerk

"That's the second letter this week I have sent to Gerty," said the lady, buttoning her gossamer. "Gerty is the sweetest girl—going to Vassar now."

"How does Gerty like Vassar?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, Gerty likes Vassar first rate; only she says they don't see much company."

"Paper! All about the election!" screamed a newsboy.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the lady, "did they have an election yesterday? Who is President now?"

"Arthur, I believe," said the clerk.

"Why, I thought Arthur was President last year?"

"Yes, but he is still Presipent."

"What was the election for, then?"

"For gagers of marmalade and inspectors of hot biscuit," said the clerk.

"Oh! well, I hope they'll get good good men. I attended the Woman's Congress awhile ago, and you know it was decided that the ladies ought to take more in public affairs. Well, good-bye," and she sailed away.

"Who is that woman?" asked the next man in line, who was shaking and shivering with rage.

"Bust me if I know," said the clerk.

And the outflow of stamps proceeded.

He Explained

Wall Street News.

A stock-holder in a Western narrow-gage railroad made a call at headquarters the other day, and remarked to the President:

"I notice the gross receipts for October show a decrease over September."

"Yes, sir."

"Can you explain the matter?"

"Certainly, sir. In September we carried a family of seven persons from Dasville to Blanktown and the receipts were swelled. During October we only got hold of a blind man, two cars of lumber and a dozen barrels of salt, and the receipts shrank."

"And what is the outlook?"

"Splendid, sir. So far this month we have more than paid for the wood and oil for the locomotive, and if we get a shipment of six hogs, as promised yesterday, I believe we can pay the conductor at least 5 per cent, of his back salary."

Too Much Risk.

Philadelphia Evening Call.

"No, sir, my daughter can never become your wife."

"But I am abundantly able to support her comfortably, and my character is certainly not bad."

"Your means and your character are all right, but you forget the difference of station."

"Pardon me, but I do not understand."

"You are a journalist, I am only a capitalist, and some day, in the heat of passion, you may throw this up to her. Such a risk cannot be run. Good day, sir."

He Wasn't Quite Full Enough.

Chicago News.

A husband having One Night returned home Fuller than a Goat, gave Promise unto his Wife of a new Dress. "And what kind of Dress?" asked his Sagacious spouse. "A cashmere Dress," replied the Husband. "Alas," cried the Wife, "alas, that Having once Started in, You Did not get Full enough for a Gros Grain."

The Camp Fire.

SE SONABLE REMEMBRANCES.

THE FIRST WEEK OF DECEMBER, 1861.

The first week of December, 1861, was a period of intense gloom and depression all over the loyal part of the Nation. Nearly nine months had passed since the firing on Fort Sumter. Though the people had sent forth their sons by hundreds of thousands, though the valleys of the Potomac, the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri were vast camps in which myriads of young men had been for months toilsomely preparing themselves for battle, and though every day saw millions of dollars drawn from the people by onerous taxation, devoured by the ravenous maw of war-like preparation, nothing, apparently, had been accomplished towards putting down the Rebellion.

We had suffered the terrible defeats at Bull Run, and Ball's Bluff in Virginia. The gallant Gen. Lyon had been killed in sanguinary engagement at Wilson's Creek, Mo.; Mulligan's command had been captured at Springfield, Mo.; Grant's army had fallen back after a bloody fight at Belmont, and we had nothing to show to offset those crushing reverses, except a few trifling successes in Western Virginia.

The strength of the Union Army on the 1st of December was as follows:

	Volunteers for the War.
California	4,608
Connecticut	12,440
Delaware	2,000
Illinois	80,000
Indiana	57,382
Iowa	19,800
Kentucky	15,000
Maine	14,200
Maryland	7,000
Massachusetts	26,761
Michigan	28,550
Minnesota	4,100
Missouri	22,180
New Hampshire	9,000
New Jersey	9,342
New York	100,200
Ohio	81,305
Pennsylvania	94,760
Rhode Island	5,898
Vermont	8,000
Virginia	12,000
Wisconsin	14,153
Kansas	5,900
Colorado	1,000
Nebraska	700
Nevada	1,000
New Mexico	1,000
District of Columbia	1,000
	640,637
Estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments under act of Congress of July 29, 1861	20,334
Total	660,971

Of this enormous force McClellan had under his immediate command, and around Washington, 198,213 men, with about 250 field pieces. The country, which had given McClellan everything that he had asked for, which had given him his pick of regiments and officers, with the most and finest artillery in the world, and had equipt all with a lavishness and generosity unknown in history, was impatient that he move out from behind his mud walls, and accomplish something. Every form of pressure was exerted to bring this about, but he baffled all efforts to have him move. At one time the roads were too muddy, at another the bridges were not in condition; then his supplies were not up, his cavalry not in effective trim, and so on. The Secretary of War urged that the movement be not postponed longer than the 25th of November. He did not move for nearly five months afterward.

While McClellan was thus wasting precious time and squandering millions of money in the East, the resolute commanders of the West were giving a much better account of themselves and the men placed under them. The extreme left wing of the Army of the Ohio, under command of Brig. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, had moved up to within close striking distance of the Rebels under Zollicoffer, who had crossed the Cumberland at the mouth of Fishing Creek, and both sides, quite willing to come to blows, were manuvering for position in which to fight the battle of Mill Springs. Every day the cavalry and artillery were having tilts, and the troops were becoming inured to real, earnest war. Gen. Buell was with the main part of the army, along the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, organizing its regiments into brigades and divisions, taking care of Thomas's flanks, and getting ready for an advance against the main Rebel army under Albert Sidney Johnston, at Munfordville and Bowling Green, with Nashville as his ultimate objective. The advance was really begun on the 9th. West of Gen. Buell's department was that of Gen. H. W. Halleck, who had succeeded Gen. Fremont on the 18th of November, and had his headquarters in St. Louis. His district was made to include Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas and Kentucky. His subordinate in command of the District of Missouri—Brig.-Gen. Curtis—led an army which drove the Rebels, under Sterling Price, out of the State, into Arkansas. Another subordinate—Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant—was in command of the District of Cairo, with a force of 14,000 men, with which he was manuvering with Bishop Leonidas Polk, stationed at Columbus, Ky.,—called by the Rebels the "Gibraltar of the West"—with 20,000 men.

FIRST WEEK OF DECEMBER, 1862.

The long-enduring patience of the Government was at last exhausted by McClellan's mismanagement of the battle of Antietam, and his inactivity afterward. Winter was coming on rapidly, and he would do nothing with the vast and expensive machine under his control—as far as could be ascertained, he did not even contemplate doing anything. On the 7th of November Lincoln issued an order directing him to turn the command of the Army of the Potomac over to Major-General Ambrose E. Burnside. Gen. Burnside, believing that the overland route to Richmond was the true military road, marched directly to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, where he found Lee confronting him. He had hoped to pass the river before Lee could concentrate to prevent it, but he found the bridges burned, and it was the 10th of the month before the pontoon train could be gotten up. By this time Lee had 50,000 men intrenched on the heights behind Fredericksburg, to resist the 120,000 which Burnside could bring across the river.

Gen. Don Carlos Buell, whose conduct of the campaign against Bragg had given dissatisfaction, was superseded in command of the Army of the Ohio, October 30, by Maj.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, whose district was named in the order "Department of the Cumberland" and embraced all that portion of Tennessee east of the Tennessee River. At first his forces were designated the "Fourteenth Corps," but this was soon changed to "Army of the Cumberland." He moved forward to Nashville, where he established his headquarters and began active preparations for moving against the Rebels under Bragg, who were concentrating at Murfreesboro, 28 miles distant.

The Army of the Tennessee was opening its long campaign against Vicksburg. The first movement was in three columns. Gen. Grant led one through the interior of Mississippi, while Gen. Sherman conducted another down the river, hoping to gain the rights around Vicksburg, where he expected to be joined by Gen. Grant. A third —a column of 7,000, was led by Gen. Morgan, from Helena, intending to strike Pemberton's flank. On the 1st of December Grant reached Lumpkin's Mills, seven miles north of the Tallahatchie River, behind which lay the Rebels under Pemberton. The expedition from Helena caused the Rebels to fall back, and on the 4th Gen. Grant's headquarters were established at Oxford, Miss., which was as far as he was able to go.

FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER, 1863.

The Army of the Potomac, after the futile attempts to pierce Lee's lines at Mine Run, re-crossed the Rapidan on the night of the 1st of December, and eventually went into Winter quarters.

After the victories of Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, on the 24th, 25th and 26th of November, the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee pursued the routing Rebels a short distance, and then their work for the Winter ended.

In the meanwhile Gen. Longstreet had been besieging Gen. Burnside at Knoxville. One of the main defenses of the City was Fort Sanders, a small work mounting six guns. It had parapets 20 feet high, and was surrounded by a ditch 10 feet deep. In its front and flanks was once a field of pines, which had been cut down, with the tops falling in almost all directions, making an almost impassable mass of brush and timber. The fort was garrisoned by the 79th New York, the 20th Massachusetts, two companies of the 2d Michigan, and one of the 20th. At daylight on the morning of the 29th three Rebel brigades—Bryant's, Humphry's and Wolford's—made a desperate assault in three lines. They swept over the obstructions and swarmed up the sides, but were finally driven back, with a loss of 200 killed and wounded, and several hundred made prisoners.

Immediately after relinquishing the further pursuit of Bragg Gen. Sherman started to the relief of Gen. Burnside, with his own corps, the 11th Corps, and part of the 4th. On the night of December 24 his cavalry entered Knoxville. This turned Longstreet's flank, who immediately raised the siege and began his retreat, followed by Sherman and Burnside, who drove him into Virginia.

The war had made such progress by this time that the Secretary of War was able to make this gratifying announcement in his annual report: "The success of our arms during the year has enabled the Department to make a reduction of over $200,000,000 in the war estimates for the ensuing fiscal year."

THE FIRST WEEK OF DECEMBER, 1864.

The first week in December, 1864, found the Army of the Potomac in the trenches around Petersburg, still persistently pursuing its left flank movement, by which the army of Lee was finally crushed and captured. On the 7th, Gen. Warren, with 20,000 men, moved toward Hatcher's Run, and in two days reached Belleville Station, on the Meherrin River, 40 miles from Petersburg, where he destroyed the Rebel works and valuable stores. He then returned, destroying everything on his line of march, including 20 miles of the Weldon Railroad, which was a sore loss to the Rebels.

On the 2d of December, Gen. Sherman then marching to the sea, reached Millen, from which he threatened Augusta and South Carolina, but, suddenly turning to the right, marched straight for Savannah in six columns. On the 8th he reached the outskirts of the City, and rejoiced to hear the signal guns of our ships lying in Ossabaw Sound.

Undaunted by his terrible defeat at Franklin on the last day of November, Hood marched directly upon Nashville, where Gen. Thomas was hurriedly gathering his forces to give him battle. Hood occupied a range of hills some four or five miles from the City, and sat down to a regular siege.

The following is a table of the actions occurring in the first week of December each year, with the Union forces engaged:

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

Dec 1, Morristown, Tenn—Organization not recorded.
Dec 3, Salem, Dent Co, Mo—Detachment 10th Missouri Cavalry.
Dec 3, Vienna, Va—Detachment 3d Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Dec 4. Anandale, Va—Thirty men of 3d New Jersey.
Dec 4, Dunksburg, near Sedalia, Mo—Citizens.

1862.

Dec 1, Charleston and Berryville, Va—3d Division, 7th Corps.
Dec 2, Franklin, Va—11th Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Dec 2, King George Court House, Va—8th Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Dec 2, Ozarc, Mo—3d and 9th Missouri Cavalry.
Dec 3, Oakland, Miss—1st Indiana Cavalry.
Dec 3, Oxford, Miss—2d Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Col Hatch.
Dec 4, Wiseman's choals, Big Sandy River, Ky —50th Kentucky.
Dec 4, Water Valley, Miss—1st and 2d Cavalry Brigades, Cols Hatch and Lee.
Dec 5, Coffeeville, Miss—1st, 2d and 3d Cavalry Brigades of Gen Grant's army, Cols Hatch, Lee and Misner.
Dec 5, Helena, Ark—30th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin.
Dec 5, Reed's Mountains, Ark—2d Kansas Cavalry.
Dec 6, Lebanon, Tenn—83d Ohio.
Dec 7, Prairie Grove (or Fayetteville and Illinois Creek,) Ark—1st, 2d and 3d Divisions of the Army of the Frontier, commanded by Brig-Gens J G Blunt and F J Herron.
Dec 7, Hartsville, Tenn—100th and 108th Ohio, 104th Illinois, 2d Indian and 11th Kentucky Cavalry, and 18th Indiana Battery.

1863.

Dec 1, Rip'ey, Miss—2d Brigade, Cavalry Division, Army of the Tennessee.
Dec 2, Walker's Ford, Cinch River, W Va—5th Indiana and 14th Illinois Cavalry, 2nst Ohio Battery, 65th, 116th and 118th Indiana.
Dec 2, Salisbury, Tenn—3d Brigade, Cavalry Division, 16th Corps.
Dec 4, Niobrara, Neb—One company, 7th Iowa Cavalry.
Dec 4, Moscow Station (or Wolf River Bridge,) Cavalry Division, 16th Corps.
Dec 6, Cinch Mountain, Tenn—Cavalry, Army of the Ohio.
Dec 7, Natchez, Miss—One company 4th Iowa Cavalry.
Dec 7, Creelsboro, Ky—13th Kentucky Cavalry.
Dec 7, Celina, Tenn—13th Kentucky Cavalry.
Dec. 8, Princeton, Ark—Detachment of Cavalry.

1864.

Dec 1, Stoney Creek Station and Duvall's Mills, Weldon R R, Va—2d Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac.
Dec 1, Twelve miles from Yazoo City, Miss—Detachment of the 2d Wisconsin Cavalry
Dec 1 to 3½, Trenches before Petersburg, Va—Army of the Potomac.
Dec 1 to 14, Skirmishing in front of Nashville, with 4th Corps, Army of the Cumberland, 23d Corps, Army of the Ohio, 1st and 3d Divisions 16th Corps, Army of the Tennessee, and Cavalry.
Dec 1, Mill Grove, Ga—5th Kentucky and 8th Indiana Cavalry of Sherman's army.
Dec 2, Rock Creek Church, Ga—3d Kentucky and 5th Ohio Cavalry; advance of Sherman's army.
Dec 2, ——, Miss—2d New York Cavalry.
Dec 2 and 3—Block House No 2, Mill Creek, Chattanooga, Tenn—Detachment of 115th Ohio 44th and two companies 14th U. S. Colored Troops.
Dec. 3, Thomas's Station, Ga—92d Illinois Mounted Infantry.
Dec 4, Coosaw River, S C—25th Ohio.
Dec 4, Block House No 7, Overall's Creek, Tenn —Troops commanded by Gen. Milroy.
Dec 4, Waynesboro and Brier Creek, Ga—3d Cavalry Division, Army Military Division of the Mississippi
Dec 4, Statesboro, Ga—Foragers of the 15th Corps.
Dec 5 to 8, Murfreesboro (or Cedars,) Tenn—Troops commanded by Gen Rousseau.
Dec 6 to 9, Deveaux Neck (or Tull Riney River, Dasen's Bridge and Gregory's Farm,) S C—20th, 33d, 3l and 102d U S Colored troops, 54th and 3 4th Massachusetts Colored troops, 56th and 1 55th New York, and 55th and 107th Ohio, and 3d Rhode Island Artillery; also a Naval Brigade.
Dec 6, White Post, Va—50 men of the 21st New York Cavalry.
Dec 7, Ebenezer Creek, Cypress Swamp, Ga—9th Michigan and 9th Ohio Cavalry, rear guard of left wing of Sherman's Army.
Dec 7 to 9, Ogeechee River (or Jenk's Bridge, Eden Station and Pool's Station,) Ga—15th and 17th Corps; right wing of the Army of the Military Division of the Mississippi.
Dec 7 to 11, Welden R R Expedition—3d Division Cavalry Corps, 5th Corps, and 3d Division 2d Corps, Army of the Potomac.
Dec 8 and 9, Reconnoissance to Hatcher's Run, Va—3d and 15th Pennsylvania and 6th Ohio Cavalry, and 1st Division, 2d Corps.
Dec 8 to 28, Raid to Gordonsville, Va—1st and 3d Division Cavalry, Army of the Potomac.

For the Blade Camp Fire.

"DO I LOVE MY COUNTRY?"

BY RALPH JASON.

Do I love my country? Yes, sir;
May Winter snows in fondness press her,
May the Summer dews caress her,
May the smiling Heaven bless her,
May the wandering zephyrs kiss her,
May the woes of nations miss her,
May her sun be hidden never,
But, with genial graces, ever
Patronizing, kind and clever,
Shine around old earth forever.

Lacrosse, Wis.

Officers of the 78th Pennsylvania.

I would say, in answer to "Addresses Wanted:" Capt. Martin McCandlo, whose present P. O. address is Clarion, Clarion County, Pa., First Lieut. Sam. W. Lee and Second Lieut. F. Mechling, whose present P. O. address is Kittanning, Armstrong County, Pa., were the commissioned officers of Co B 78th Pennsylvania, up to November 4, 1864,—the date the old 78th Pennsylvania was discharged. There was a new 78th Pennsylvania formed afterwards of which I know nothing whatever. Capt. R. D. Ellwood, whose present P. O. address is Liberty street, Pittsburg, Pa.; First Lieut. George W. Black, whose present P. O address is South Bend, Armstrong County, Pa., all parties now living of B and I Companies old 78th Pennsylvania.

SAM. W. LEE.

Kittanning, Pa., Nov. 24, 1883.

Why Is It?

There is certainly something wrong about the pension business. Some who were never in an engagement find no difficulty in getting their claims allowed. While others, who went through a number of battles, and were perhaps wounded, can get nothing. I enlisted in June, 1861, and was discharged in September, 1864, went through 17 engagements, and was wounded three times, being disabled for manual labor. I am one of the six brothers who responded to the call of their country. I think all soldiers who have honorable discharges should receive pensions.

OLD SOLDIER.

Groveport, O., June 10.

Keep on Trying.

Perseverance is the main thing in life. To hold on and hold out to the end is the chief matter. Comrades in, like manner let us hold out to secure our rights of pensions, land warrants and such other rights due to the soldier.

I have been wounded and received other injuries which have been established by evidence, in each company and regiment in which I served. Now, it is a plain fact that some of the rich get pensions without much trouble, while some of the poorer class fail, regardless of the amount of testimony in support of their claims for pensions. Was not a pension intended to help a poor soldier as well as a rich one?

EMERY DIBBLE.

Co. F, 1st Reg. Ill. Cav., also Co. K, 14th Ill. Cav.

A '61 Prisoner.

I was a soldier in the late war, and would like to let my comrades know that I am still alive. I was taken prisoner in the Fall of '61 and held nine months. I have never seen or heard anything of any of my comrades since my release. I was in Libby Prison—No. 1 on second floor—and went by the name of "Indiana" because I was the only one in that room from our State. If any of my comrades should see this let me know through the BLADE. CHAS. NORTH.

Wawaka, Ind.

Inquiries.

EYOTA, Minn., Nov. 9.—1st. I know of a soldier who is not and never was, entitled to a pension, but who obtained one by fraud. How can it be stopped?

2d. Where, and at what price can I obtain the book entitled "A File of Infantrymen?" —A. G. STONE.

1. Send a statement of the case direct to the Commissioner of Pensions, Washington.

2. The Locke Publishing Company contemplates bringing out "The File of Infantrymen" very soon.

Can you inform me of the whereabouts of Lieut. Clark Dun, of Co. C, 1st Colorado Cavalry, and Lieut. Wm. Leonard, of same company?—THOMAS RICHARSON, Cloverdale, Kan.

Mrs. Mary F. Phelps, of Cedar Vale, Kan., wishes to know the address of Dr. Thomas Waterhouse, late Surgeon of 21st Mo. Vol. Inf.

Miscellany.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

The watch on the Rhine has been set to standard time.

Connecticut has been the scene of 97 murders and only seven hangings in the last 20 years.

Church music is sold by the choir. Drum music and much of the piano kind, comes by the pound.

Chinese boys and girls are allowed to pass the Customs officers at San Francisco without certificates.

Why is ice on the lakes suggestive of Capt. Boynton's rubber suit? Because its the close of navigation.

A flock of blackbirds estimated at a mile in length flew southward over Parsons, Kan., one morning last week.

The underground railway system' which will soon encircle London, is being built at a cost of $15,000,000 per mile.

Twenty American Indians arrived in Paris recently, and have pitched their tents in the Jardin d'Acclimation.

Game pie is now in season, but we do not understand the art of preparing and cooking them in this country as they do in England.

Go to Alaska, young man; go to Alaka. The last citizen who went up there has already become a solid man. He was frozen to death.

Milwaukee has peddlers who sell sawdust at 20 cents a bag to market men, barbers and saloon-keepers, who sprinkle or polish their floors with it.

When the Viennese have opera, 12 telephone

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON.

Scheme to Swindle Rebel Conscripts —200,000 Men in the South to be Assessed from $5 to $20 Each—The Gang Broken Up by the Detectives —A Wonderful Piece of Engineering and Jeff. Davis's Connection with It.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1883.

A scheme was recently set on foot in Washington for the wholesale swindling of ex-Confederate soldiers, but the authorities received an intimation of the fraud that was being prepared, and it was nipped in the bud. The plot was a bold one, and had the designers not been frustrated on the threshold of the swindle, thousands of men would have been victimized. The contemplated fraud was based on the idea that men who were conscripted into the service of the Confederate States, and forced to fight against their will, were entitled to some sort of compensation or indemnity from the United States Government, which had failed to afford them the protection every citizen is entitled to. The facts pertaining to this audacious scheme have never been given to the public, as a careful effort was made to prevent the newspapers from getting hold of it.

Your correspondent, however, has succeeded in obtaining all the particulars of the [illegible] and is now in possession of [illegible] containing subscriptions of persons [illegible] orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondence" Department.

E. C. P., Adrian, Mo.: Address G. K. Barnes, St. Paul, Minn.

S. S. B., Mattoon, Ill.: Ask your member of Congress to send you a copy.

E. M. W., Hartford, Wis.: How much is a silver 10 cent piece of 1834 worth?

There is no premium offered, so far as we know.

W. M. T., Eler's Mills, O.: Please tell me where to address a letter to Sen. John Sherman.

His home is in Mansfield, but he is probably in Washington now.

J. H. W., Young's Creek, Ind.: Please tell me where I can get a complete history of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.

D. M., Ironville, Pa.: Please give the date of the first silver dollar minted in the United States.

Authorized to be coined April 2, 1792; weight, 416 grains.

J. W., Farmer City, Ill.: 1. How often was Henry Clay a candidate for President? 2. Was he ever a candidate for Vice-President?

1. Twice. 2. No.

[illegible], Decatur, O.: Is a five cent piece of the new cut worth anything—I mean that it was first issued and the cabinet is on account of not having the "cents" on it?

A good specimen is worth five cents. Hold on to it 50 or 60 years, and you may get 10 cents for it.

Mrs. Edwin Allen, Rockwell's Mills, N. Y., writes: "Seeing a little piece in the Blade a short time ago asking for the heirs of Eliza Malone, I thought I would answer it, as that was my mother's maiden name, and her only brother went to the West Indies."

P. M. H., Fayette, O.: 1. What system of shorthand is the best? 2. Can any one learn without a teacher? 3. Do you know anything about the Allen method?

1. We cannot undertake to decide. 2. Yes, but the learner must make up his mind to "stick" if he expects to accomplish anything. 3. No.

Teacher, Higginsport, O.: A letter addressed to the Superintendent of Public Instruction, at the capital of each State you name, with addressed and stamped envelope for reply, will probably receive attention. The average salary for teachers in the States named is given as follows: Alabama, $21.60; Illinois, $38.78; Kentucky, $26; Georgia, $30.26; Tennessee, $28.40.

J. J., Ulysses:

1. What kind of a cloud is a cirrus cloud? 2. What kind of clouds are cumulus clouds?

1. The most elevated of all the forms of clouds, sometimes looking like carded wool—the "cat's tail" of the sailor. 2. Of hemispherical form, or nearly so, above, but flat below, one often piled above another, common in the Summer, often affording rain and thunder gusts.

R. G. M., Mulberry, Ind.:

1. Were the members of the Bender family in Kansas ever captured? 2. How many newspapers are there in the United States? 3. How many miles of railroad? 4. After McClellan was superseded by Burnside did the former retire from the army?

1. No. 2. Dailies, 980; weeklies, 8,718; total number of periodicals published in English, 20,627; foreign languages, 778; periodicals devoted to news, politics and family reading, 8,816; religious, 574; agricultural, 162; general literature, 146; all other classes, 1,705; amount paid in wages, census of 1880, $28,371,630. 3. About 178,000. 4. Yes.

I. R. P., Bone Gap, Ill.:

1. Give the popular vote for Lincoln in 1860, also the vote for Douglas and Breckinridge, and the popular vote for President since 1860.

1860—Lincoln, 1,866,352; Breckinridge, 847,763; Bell, 589,581; Douglas, 1,374,157. 1864—Lincoln, 2,216,067; McClellan, 1,808,725 (11 States not voting.) 1868—Grant, 3,013,071; Seymour, 2,709,613 (three States not voting.) 1872—Grant, 3,597,070; Greeley, 2,834,079; O'Conor, 29,408; Black, 5,608. 1876—Hayes, 4,033,950; Tilden, 4,285,885; Cooper, 81,740; Smith, 9,522; scattering, 2,636. 1880—Garfield, 4,449,053; Hancock, 4,442,035; Weaver, 307,306; scattering, 12,576.

D. S. E., Evans, Col.:

1. Please state the cause of water issuing from artesian wells. 2. Do life insurance agents have to get license?

1. Internal pressure. There is a class of rocks which are perfectly impervious to water. When such rocks occur in folds in alternating layers, and in such order that pervious beds are inserted between impervious ones, it is evident that if a perforation is made through the retentive barrier bed in the lower portion of the basin, the water contained in the water-logged strata will rise through the bore to a height depending upon the pressure of water which has accumulated in the confined sloping space between the two impervious beds. The spouting of the water in the first instance, is probably owing to the disengagement of air and carbonic acid gas, for both of these have been found to bubble up with water. 2. No. Insurance companies must have State authority to do business, and they in turn furnish their agents with necessary papers. The law differs in different States.

P. W. G., Atlas, Mich.:

Can you tell me the ingredients for glazing cement, and mud crocks, etc., and the process?

Glazes must be reduced to a very fine powder. For use they are ground with water to a very thin paste or smooth cream, into which the articles, previously baked to the state called "biscuit," are then dropped; they are afterwards exposed to a sufficient heat in the kiln to fuse the glaze. Another method of applying them is to immerse the "biscuit" in water for a minute or so, and then to sprinkle the dry powder over the moistened surface. There are different preparations for the different colors in glazing, and also for metallic lustres. For brown glazing—Take one part broken green glass, one of manganese, and two parts of lead glass. The following has been proposed as a substitute for glaze without lead: 100 parts washed sand, 50 parts purified potash, 10 of nitre, and 20 of sla-ked lime, all well mixed, and heated in a black-lead crucible, in a reverberatory furnace, till the mass flow into a clear glass. It is then to be reduced to powder. The goods to be slightly burnt, dipped in water, and sprinkled with the powder.

J. C. M., East View, Ky.:

1. Please explain who were the "patroons" of New York, and wherein they they differed from other citizens.

In 1629, under the Dutch Government, the administration of affairs was entrusted to an officer styled the Director General, appointed by the home government, and a Council appointed in the same way. Special inducements were offered for the purpose of promoting settlements, and any person who, within four years, would bring into the colony 50 persons over 15 years of age, was was promised the title of "patroon," a large tract of land and extensive commercial privileges, with complete civil and criminal jurisdiction throughout his domain. At the same time, actual settlers emigrating at their own expense, were promised as much land as they could cultivate. Under this provision two classes of settlements arose. Large tracts of land were taken up by the "patroons," and communities established under their control. They appointed local officers for administrative and judicial business. From their decisions appeals might be made to the Governor and Council. The settlers had no political and few civil rights. Justice was administered according to the common law of Holland and the enactments of the West India Company and the Director General.

G. W. M., Avalon, Mo.: The Land Offices in this State are at Boonville, Ironton and Springfield. Register.

to realize a fortune by the "champion scheme of the age." Unfortunately for him, a detective connected with the Secret Service of the Government overheard the details of the scheme. The District Attorney was informed, and the officials of the Confederate Claim Agent was raided, but too late to do much good, as the outfittings had been removed, as well as the bundles of posters and circulars, which had been provided in great profusion. The schemers had gotten wind of the contemplated raid, and had incontinently taken cover.

The Government detectives, however, succeeded in capturing a number of the documents, copies of which appear above. The names of the parties engaged in the swindle are known to the authorities. The heirs will resign a legal exposure. But the immunity they owe to the activity of Government officials in breaking up their plot before it was put into execution, will doubtless follow at an early day.

As crime was only contemplated, and not actually committed, there is no ground for a prosecution, and the would-be swindlers will escape a legal exposure. But the immunity they owe to the activity of Government officials in breaking up their plot before it was put into execution.

There is a story connected with Cabin John Bridge, across the great aqueduct five miles above Washington, that is quite interesting as a matter of history. The Cabin John Bridge is one of the most famous crossways either in Europe or America, being a single span being the longest in the world. It is the wonder not only of the beholder but of the engineer. It is one of the resorts that never fails to draw the sight-seer at the National Capitol, and especially the foreign visitor. It is said that engineering people have traveled all the way from Europe to get a look at this marvel of mechanical skill. The construction of the Cabin John Bridge was commenced during the Presidency of Franklin Pierce, and while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. The great arch over the aqueduct originally bore this inscription:

WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

Begun in 1853, Franklin Pierce, President of the United States; Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War. Building 1861, President of the United States; Simon Cameron, Secretary of War.

During the war, however, the name of Jefferson Davis was erased from the inscription, and the space it occupied has been blank ever since. It has always been the understanding that a Union soldier chiseled out the offensive name, on his own responsibility. It appears, however, from according to the statement of Gen. Meigs, the old Quartermaster-General, that the erasure was done officially.

The bridge, in fact, was constructed under the superintendency of Gen. Meigs, and he put in the name of Jefferson Davis. It turned the bridge over to Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior under Pres. Lincoln. Gen. Meigs says it was the direct order of Mr. Lincoln or one of the Cabinet officers that the name was chiseled out.

Gen. Meigs also declares that the erasion was unnecessary, and that the name should be replaced. He is disposed to believe that the Government of the United States strong enough, and should be magnanimous enough to permit even the name of Jefferson Davis to remain on one of the public bridges, with the building of which he had some official connection.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Celebration of the Evacuation of New York—Description of the Event Just One Hundred Years Ago—The New Statue of Washington in Wall Street.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1883.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

This has been a great day in New York and had it not been for the heavy rainfall one of the grandest celebrations of the country would have been seen. As it was there were hundreds of thousands of people throughout the streets to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the English.

One hundred years ago New York was a Town of 4,000 houses and about 30,000 people and occupied only the lower portion of the island, when on the 24th of November Sir Guy Carleton, representative of the British Crown, wrote to Washington, to propose to withdraw from this place to-morrow at noon, by which time I conclude your troops will be near the barrier." Later in the day appeared in prominent places printed notice reading as follows:

The Committee appointed to conduct the order of receiving their Excellencies Gov. Clinton and Gen. Washington.

Beg leave to inform their fellow citizens that the troops under the command of Gen. Knox will take possession of the City at the hour agreed on, Tuesday next. As soon as this may be performed he will request the citizens who may assemble on horseback at the Bowling Green to join the troops at the Broad Way to accompany him to meet their Excellencies Governor Clinton and Gen. Washington at the Bull's Head in the Bowery, the citizens on foot to assemble at or near the Tea-water Pump at Frost water.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A body of horse will precede their Excellencies and be on their flanks. After the Governor and Governor will follow the Lieutenant-Governor and the Council for the temporary government of the southern parts of the State, the gentlemen on horseback, eight in front, those on foot in rear of the horse in like manner. After their Excellencies will follow passing down Queen street and the line of troops up the Broadway will a light at Cape's Tavern.

The Committee hope to see their fellow citizens conduct with decency and decorum on this joyful occasion.

CITIZENS TAKE CARE!

The inhabitants are hereby informed that permission has been obtained from the commander-in-chief to form themselves in patrols this night and to-morrow night, when it is requisite to be given to the guards, as well as to aid and assist as to give protection to the patrols; and that the countersign will be given to Thomas Tucker—51 Water street, from whom it can be obtained.

THE GREAT DAY

dawned clear and frosty, very unlike the morning which was so damp and cloudy. At an early hour, the little army of occupation which had been encamped in the woods of what is now Central Park, marched down the old post road and through the Bowery, to the line of fortifications which stretched across the Island from Corlear's Hook. This line the enemy held till nearly noon, when it was announced that the rearguard had retired, and the Continental marched through the works in full martial order and on to the city.

EVERY MAN WAS A VETERAN

and all were arrayed in their best; the new blue and white uniforms of the light infantry were conspicuous, and the fine soldierly bearing of this picked battalion called forth the praise of Washington himself. First came the dragoons, then an advance guard of light infantry, followed by Major-General Henry Knox and Brigadier-Gen. Henry Jackson. After them came two companies of artillery under Maj. Bauman, then a battalion of light infantry under Lieut.-Col. William Hull and Maj. Sumner. These were followed by the First Massachusetts Continentals, under Col. Joseph Vose, and a rear guard.

Down Queen—the Pearl street of to-day—up through Wall, then a fashionable thoroughfare, and up Broadway the soldiers marched, halting at Cape Tavern—where the Boreel Building now stands—to receive the civic procession. Meanwhile two companies were dispatched down Broadway to consummate the formalities of occupation, and

THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS RAISED

over the fort while bargos filled with retiring red-coats and Hessians were pushing off from the shore to the transports and men-of-war in the Bay. Royalty at last had taken leave of a continent and republicanism formally possessed it. Everything was done decently and in order, although crowds of citizens in the streets, wild with delight, greeted the troops as they filed by with cheers and waving banners.

There were

NO STORES ON BROADWAY

and the houses were set back from the street with gardens and greensward about them. There had been two rows of trees through the street, but many of these had been cut down during the exceptionally hard winters of that period to furnish fuel for the freezing refugees. Sidewalks were a later luxury, the gutters of that day running in the middle of the street. But every yard and garden and porch and window and roof was thronged with happy faces waiting for the civil dignitaries. At last they came in the prescribed order, and again there was cheering and waving of flags and garlands, and beating of drums and the roar of saluting artillery, and address and welcome, and in the evening a public dinner by the Governor at Fraunces's Tavern, where a notable company assembled.

So closed the memorable day which all New York is celebrating to-day, and in spite of the drenching rain that is pouring, the celebration is a grand success.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON,

by J. Q. A. Ward, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, on the steps of the Sub-Treasury building, in Wall street this afternoon.

The figure is of colossal size, being about 13 feet 6 inches in hight, and weighs 6,500 pounds. The pedestal on which it will stand is about six feet in hight, and what may be called the rostrum, on which the pedestal is placed, is about eight feet above the street level. This and the pedestal were designed by Richard M. Hunt. Washington, in the statue, is supposed to be in the act of taking the oath of office [illegible] left foot is slightly advanced.

W. H. B., Mt. Etna, Iowa: Address Dicks & Fitzgerald, New York City.

T. H. P., Warsaw, Mo.: Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. Same advice to J. A. S., of Meudon, Mich.

F., Bellefontaine, O.: Is the profession of druggist or prescription clerk considered a good one?

Yes.

H. H. F., Clinton Furnace, W. Va.:

1. When and where was Jefferson Davis born? What is the depth of the shallowest water in the Atlantic?

1. In Christian County, Ky., June 3, 1808. 2. About 300 fathoms.

J. G. O., Terr Hill, Pa.:

I wish you would give me some information concerning the destruction occasioned by the overflow of the Mississippi in 1881.

No reliable information can be given, as no two newspaper accounts agree.

W. H. R., Ravenswood, W. Va.:

1. Who succeeded Gen. Halleck as Commander-in-Chief? 2. Did Gen. Hooker fill a higher office than Commander of the Army of the Potomac?

1. Gen. Grant. 2. No.

A. W. M., Chepstow, Kan.:

Where can I get the campaign speeches made by our best Republican orators in 1880, or such information as would be useful in the 1884 contest?

We do not think you can find them in book form. "McPherson's Handbook of Politics," J. Chapman, Washington, D. C.,) contains important matter for political speakers and writers. Price $2.

L. T., Muskegon, Mich.:

What is the tonnage of the merchant marine of the lakes, and what is that of the United States?

The aggregate tonnage of American shipping of every class in 1861—registered and enrolled, sail and steam, employed upon the ocean, lakes and rivers, and about the harbors of the country—was 5,539,813 tons. In 1881 it had declined to 4,057,734, a decrease of 27 per cent. From 1840 to 1882 American shipping engaged in the coastwise trade, which is protected from foreign competition, increased from 1,172,694 to 2,576,688 tons.

L. J. K., Black Ash, O.:

Did Sam Patch ever jump the Niagara Falls? Where was he killed? Was he intoxicated?

The first of Sam Patch's four celebrated jumps was made October 6, 1829, at Niagara Falls, from a rock 70 feet above the water; his second was from a scaffold at the foot of Biddle staircase, on the 17th of the same month, the distance being 100 feet. His next was at Genesee Falls, N. Y., on the 6th of November, same year, and his fatal plunge was at the same place on the 13th of the same month, the distance being about 120 feet. At this last jump he was so drunk that it was with difficulty that he could stand straight.

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Letter containing $1, no name or address.

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Letter containing 20c., postmarked at Roanoke, Ind., no name or address.

Letter containing 25 cents, no address, signed Th. G. Gay.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed C. B. Throckmorton—three of the papers to go to Providence, no State given.

Letter containing $1, dated at Maple City, no County or State, signed by J. E. Weakley.

Letter containing $1, signed N. G. Bosley, no address given.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed L. A. Tyler.

If Rebecca Quinn will give her postoffice address Mrs. Carter's paper will be looked after.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. W. Molz.

Letter containing $1, dated at Syracuse, no County or State, signed Mary C. Franklin.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed Frank Cutts.

H. C. Sayers, of Elgin, will give his full address and complaint will be looked up and rectified.

If D. L. Koons, of Granite Bend, will give his full address the papers will be sent him.

Letter containing $1, dated at Quincy, no County or State, signed by C. R. Fifield.

Letter containing $2, to pay for papers for J. Cameron and J. N. Replogle, signed Maggie Hirsily, no address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Watertown, no County or State signed Herman Dence.

Letter containing 75c., no date, signed by Jaggie Sutton.

Letter containing $1, dated at Peoria, no County or State, signed E. R. Runckle.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed Wm. Gowen.

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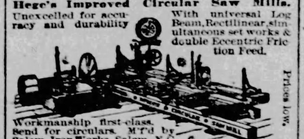

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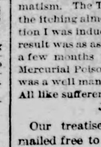

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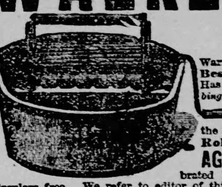

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, November 29, 1883.

☞ Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Whether Prohibition lessens the sale of intoxicating liquor is a question that has been more discussed than almost any one in which the public takes an interest.

To the end of determining this question, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, the editor of the BLADE, will make a thorough tour of Maine and Vermont, where the sale of intoxicants has been prohibited by law for 30 years.

The investigation will be thorough and will include—

The condition of the Liquor trade in the commercial, manufacturing and agricultural sections, prior to Prohibition and since.

The effect of Prohibition upon the youth of the States.

The amount of liquor consumed in various localities.

How and where drinking is done, and whether the legal impediments in the way have lessened the consumption.

The effect of Prohibition on the morals of the States, as determined by the Court records, statistics of pauperism and crime, and other sources of information.

All these statements will be comparative. In short, the object is to determine the question: "Does Prohibition prohibit?"

The results of the investigation will make, probably, four articles, which will be commenced about the first or second week in December.

Those not subscribers desiring the four papers containing these articles, may receive them by remitting ten cents.

However, the best thing to do is to remit 30 cents and get the BLADE for three months, or, still better, remit $1 and receive it for a year.

TO OUR LADY READERS.

Miss BOUTON, the Editor of our Household, in response to the request of of thousands of our lady readers, has prepared a pamphlet on "Fancy Work and House Decoration," which should be in every house in the land. It is the work of a lady of wide experience and most excellent taste, who knows exactly what she writes about, as our readers will testify. The book is full of directions for house decoration and fancy work in general, written plainly so that every one may understand, and with a list of price of materials, a new thing in works of this kind. It will be found to be valuable to every one who wants to know how to make a home pleasant at little cost of labor and money.

The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

RENEW yourself and send in a new subscriber to the BLADE.

"JUG-BELLIED RUNT" is the latest coinage of Mississippi journalism.

WHEN you renew your subscription ask your neighbor to join you. We want a circulation of 200,000 this year,

A CURIOUS thing connected with the terrible Long Island murders, is the recovery of old MAYBEE'S sight. He had been totally blind a year.

IF you are unacquainted with the BLADE, try it for three months. It only costs 30 cents, and clubs of four three month subscribers get it for 25 cents each.

REP. PERRY BELMONT things the New York delegation will vote for Cox on the first ballot. That will be a shrewd way to avoid an embarrassing committal.

WITH opera three nights a week and the Winter season just opening, New York fashionable ladies are so busy that they employ Sisters of Charity to look after their little ones at all hours.

RANDALL says that CARLISLE'S candidacy is a revival of the pernicious old sectionalism. CARLISLE says that RANDALL'S candidacy is a movement for their own selfish purposes of the railroads and other giant corporations of the country. Both are doubtless quite near the truth.

THOUSANDS of people, male and female, are making good salaries working on our offer as stated in an advertisement on the fifth page. Any man can make an overcoat, or any lady a dress, in a very short time. The offer is bona fide, and full particulars will be sent on request to any address. We want one active person in every Township in the United States.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

As this is the last week before Congress meets, the contest for the Speakership is reaching its culmination of intensity.

The friends of Mr. CARLISLE claim to have much more reason for hopefulness than at any previous time. They say that the cry of sectionalism raised by Mr. RANDALL'S friends has proved a boomerang, and is hurting their candidate now worse than it form erly benefited him. They claim that the West Virginia delelegation, which was at first counted for RANDALL, has now a majority against him, and that the same is true of the Missouri delegation. BLACKBURN, of Kentucky, has come over to CARLISLE, and this leaves but one of the Kentucky delegation unpledged to him—Mr. OSCAR TURNER.

On the other hand RANDALL'S friends claim that CARLISLE'S "extreme views" on the Tariff, are creating so much apprehension among Democratic leaders, that, in view of the coming Presidential election, they are resolved to defeat him at all cost.

As they are both Democrats not much confidence can be placed in either of their claims.

MR. CARLISLE has letters from a sufficient number of members to nominate him on the first ballot. He cannot bring himself to believe that these men are making promises that they do not intend to keep. On the other hand, Mr. RANDALL'S calm and confident manner does not fail to annoy his opponents and to raise the suspicion that possibly they are deceived. A list of the votes by States that Mr. RANDALL'S friends claim as showing their strength on the second ballot is:

New England	4	Mississippi	3
New York	14	Louisiana	3
Ohio	10	Texas	2
Indiana	2	Florida	1
New Jersey	3	Georgia	2
Pennsylvania	11	South Carolina	3
Arkansas	2	North Carolina	3
Missouri	5	Virginia	3
Tennessee	4	Maryland	4
Alabama	4	West Virginia	2

This makes a total of 85 votes. Mr. CARLISLE'S friends laugh at it. They say that RANDALL will get none from Georgia, but one from Texas, none from Mississippi, none from Tennessee, but two from Missouri, but one from Arkansas, only eight from New York, and three from New England.

THE cowardice of the Democrats is one of the main helps to RANDALL. If he is elected Speaker he will make up the WAYS and MEANS Committee so that while there will be a good deal of talk of reforming the tariff, there will be but little change in reality—and the manufacturing districts and business interests of the Country will not antagonize the Democracy. But if so pronounced a Free Trader as CARLISLE is elected, he will be virtually compelled to make the WAYS and MEANS Committee strongly Free Trade, and the party will be definitely committed to that policy, with all its consequences upon the campaign of next year. This is the last thing that the timid time-servers who form the majority of the Democratic leaders propose to do. They are afraid to make an issue of Free Trade, and consequently CARLISLE will probably be slaughtered by them through fear.

THE most important foreign event that interests the public is the routing of the entire Egyptian army by the forces of the False Prophet in the valley of the Nile. It now opens a way for him to Khartoum, the principal City of the Soudan, and the forces there to oppose him are inconsiderable. The probabilities are that he will take that City without difficulty. The Khedive has demanded aid from England to retake the provinces now in EL MEHDI'S hands. It is possible that his success will have the final effect of bringing the whole Eastern question to the front again, and make a new deal all around.

WAR has not been formally declared between France and China but it is reported that the Chinese forces attacked a French fortification, but after some hard fighting were compelled to retreat. If the attacking party were Chinese regulars it would seem impossible to avoid a declaration of hostilities.

THE Crown-Prince of Germany has been received in Madrid with great ceremony by King ALFONSO. The streets were lined with troops and the horses gaily decorated. The visit emphasizes the desire of Germany to form an alliance with Spain, a thing which is generally deprecated by the newspapers, even while they extend a welcome to the Prince.

The latest number of the Nihilist organ, *The Will of the People*, gives harrowing details of the sufferings of the political prisoners in the Peter and Paul fortress, where, it states, they are treated like murderers. No distinction is made between men and women, or between the sick and the healthy. Several of the prisoners have gone mad and have committed suicide. Corporal punishment of the prisoners is frequent.

THE Prussian Diet was opened on the 20th by the Minister of the Interior. According to the speech of the King, the financial situation had improved and the working of the railways by the State had resulted in the accumulation of considerable surplus. Considering this it was rather surprising to find that the people's burdens were to be increased rather than diminished, and the explanation is thought to lie in the unsettled political condition of Europe, which may precipitate a war at any time, and cause a drain upon the Treasury.

JUDGE BARRETT, of the Supreme Court of New York, has been giving his opinion upon the at present, much-mooted question of divorce. He starts out with a severe criticism of the marriage laws. Marriage is considered a civil contract. Nowhere can a minor enter in any other contract that is in the least binding, yet in this the most important of all, one which will affect the whole life for weal or woe, the law makes 14 years the age at which a boy or girl may enter, and also makes it perpetually binding upon them. He would forbid all marriages before 21 unless with the full consent of parents, guardians, or wanting these, some lawfully appointed tribunal. The latter could also look into cases where parents and guardians refuse consent, and finding no valid reason for such refusal, give permission to marry. Nor does he believe in limited divorces. If the contract is broken at all, let it be as if it had never been. Also, if it be regarded as a civil contract in the making, let it be so regarded in the breaking, and all assigned causes taken into account by the Court. The Judge has evidently thought much about the matter, and there is a great deal of good sense in what he says in regard to this problem.

THE SATANIC PARTY.

If there ever has been anything that is demoralizing or satanic; either in a political, moral, financial or social way, that the Democratic party has not taken to its bosom and given nurse to, it has been because it was too small a sin to be useful to it. As a party it has always explored the lower strata, and no matter how bad the wickedness it struck was, originally, it has made it worse by contact.

It has never risked the experiment of venturing an idea or championing a movement looking to the good of mankind. It has always been both conservative and progressive—progressive in everything evil and conservative in everything good. Its controlling idea is that a majority of men are bad, and that to secure the majority it must ally itself to the bad. This has been its history from the days of VAN BUREN, and it has run in that rut so long that it probably will so continue to the end.

It championed human slavery, not because the party, as a mass, believed in it, but because the South had electoral votes, and the price of them was devotion to slavery. It made war upon the Indians in Florida in the interest of slavery; it ravaged the plains of Kansas in the interest of slavery; it murdered BRODERICK, of California, at the command of slavery; it slaughtered DOUGLASS in the interest ot slavery; and it inaugurated a rebellion against the Government that slavery might be perpetuated.

At the behest of the importers, who are the agents of British manufacturers, and the most bitter enemies of the Republic, it early espoused the heresy of Free Trade, and put itself in opposition to the labor of the North. It embraced this heresy first to please the cotton lords of the South who desired nothing so much as the destruction of manufactures in the North, and it has continued therein because the importers of the seaport Cities have British money to spend upon them.

To secure the Catholic vote it has endorsed the demand of that Church for a division of the school moneys in almost all the States, and in New York and other Cities, where it is in control, it has given incalculable value in public grounds, without money or price, to the Church for its institutions.

To please the followers of DENNIS KEARNEY, it persecuted, and is persecuting the Chinese.

In the interest of speculators it endorsed fiat money, thus striking a blow at the business interests of the country, to catch the vote of street corner, dry-goods box statesmen.

This is only a portion of the catalogue. To know where the Democracy of the United States was, at any particular point in its history, it is only necessary to know what particular iniquity was rampant at the time. They were both in the same bed. It has never supported any movement looking to the improvement of public morals, and has never failed to support every movement tending the other way.

The make-up of the party is shown best by the character of the places where it has its strength. In the agricultural districts, where there is something like cleanliness in life and morals, it is largely in the minority, and in the great Cities it has no strength among the better classes of business men. But leave the residences of the well-to-do, of the merchants, manufacturers, and better class of intelligent workingmen, and you strike Democracy. In New York it keeps entirely away from the churches, but runs rampant in the slums, and in the districts where every other house is a gin-mill. The lower wards of the City of New York are almost unanimously Democratic, and in Chicago its strength is in the same districts. It is in the neighborhood of the gin mills, the houses of prostitution, where the law-breaking, order-defying, sluggers and thugs congregate, that the Democratic party has its chief strength. The State of Massachusetts outside of Boston, the State of New York outside of the City, and the State of Illinois outside of Chicago, are all that save those Cities from the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. The better class of Democrats in New York City are as fearful of a Democratic Legislature as are the Republicans.

The reason for this sharp division in classes is not difficult to find. Democracy panders to the lowest instincts in human nature, and the lowest in humanity flock to its standard, because they cannot help it. It has the rum selling, prize-fighting element naturally. Republicanism is the standing butt for the lower grades of variety actors, and the very lowest of the negro minstrels. In the old times a very bad joke on HORACE GREELEY would always bring applause, and while BEN BUTLER was a Republican he was the standing subject of their ribaldry. The poor actors were only mouthing what pleased their patrons. They were pandering to the class that make up the voting strength of the Democratic party.

It is a vast mass of blind, conscienceless ignorance, guided and directed by sharp-sighted and unscrupulous demagogs.

And now to appropriately finish a career that is too black to be said to be spotted, it has followed its instincts and has made an alliance offensive and defensive with the rum power. It has sold ous to the brewers, distillers and whisky-shop keepers. It has entered into a compact with that interest to guarantee to it absolute immunity from interserence by law, in consideration of money for party purposes, and such votes as it may be able to control. It has allied itself to the power that is filling our poor-houses and jails, that is feeding our gallows and giving the hangmen employment. It has given to this interest the control of the executive legislative, and judicial departments of the States which it controls. It has put itself in the hands of the saloons. Its committees sit on the saw-dust floors of the gin mills, around the pine-tables in front of bars from which flow a steady stream of pauperism and criminality. The one evil on earth which includes all other evils is now the controlling spirit of the organization. The manufacturers of paupers and criminals, the parents of beggary and misery are now the high priests of the organization. For the votes controlled by this interest, Democracy turns over the Government to it, caring nothing for its effect upon the public, so that through it it reaches the power it has so long coveted.

It might have been expected. The tendencies of the organization are bad—its face has always been turned to the bad. If it ever does good it is by accident, and it only repents sincerely when it does a good thing. It has sounded the entire scale of badness, and finally has struck the lowest note in the gamut.

Will it succeed? Never. It has good men in it, as it had when PIERCE conspired with the South to force slavery upon the Territories. There are questions upon which good men differ in time of peace, and the Democracy has a proportion of good men in its ranks, but great questions come up which wipe out minor ones, and unite good men. When the Democracy sold out to slavery the better class of Democrats left the organization, because slavery was the one issue of overshadowing importance. Now that Democracy has sold out to rum, body and soul, this class of men will leave it the same as those of the same kind did in 1853. The mistake it makes is in supposing that a majority of men are bad. When the good citizens unite to put down any evil the evil is put down. Rum is a greater evil than slavery ever was, and its arrogance will be rebuked in the same way. To strike down the Democracy is the shortest way to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

FACTS THAT BELONG TOGETHER.

The intimate connection between two facts now uppermost in the general news of the day does not impress every one as it should.

The first of these facts is:

That a sudden and most unaccountable depression has fallen upon leading branches of manufacturing. In spite of fair crops of the cereals, of abundant crops of hay, oats, potatos, and other leading articles of farm growth, in spite of an unprecedented crop of cotton and sugar cane, and in spite of good prices for all these, giving the producers abundant means with which to buy, manufacturing in all the staple branches is dull, and in many it is positively languishing. In all departments of the iron and steel trade there is a depression that alarms the most sanguine. Not a few sober thinkers express the belief that the iron trade is on the verge of a panic. Every day brings news of some rolling mill, foundry, furnace, nail mill, or allied industry closing up, and throwing hundreds—frequently thousands—out of employment. Is it not marvelous that this should be in a time of general plenty and prosperity?

What is the explanation?

It must be sought for in the second fact, which is:

In a little more than a week a Congress will assemble, in the upper House of which the two parties are a tie, and in the ower the Democrats have a large majority. The Democrats have loudly proclaimed their intention of upheaving our whole industrial system, by radical changes in our system of Tariff. They have incessantly denounced the whole system of Protection as robbery of the people for the benefit of the few. They have promised—if given power—to make such alterations as will speedily obliterate the Protection idea. With unchecked control of the House, and with enough Free Traders in the Senate to make their anti-Tariff ideas prevail there, they are now in position to do this. The gloomy history of manufactures under periods of Democratic ascendency in the past, coupled with the intemperate declarations in the press and on the stump by representative Democrats, are sufficient to arouse the liveliest fears as to what disasters will be launched upon the manufacturers of the country as soon as Congress gets fairly to work.

Manufacturers like capitalists, are proverbially timid. They are getting ready for the coming storm. Iron and steel men, being the object of the special animosity of Free Traders, and having most to lose by such animosity, are the first to take the needful precautions.

IMMINENT HOSTILITIES.

The annual oyster war between Virginia and Maryland is about bursting upon the heads of the devoted people. Since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary the Governor of Virginia has every Fall placed himself at the head of the Commonwealth's army and navy and fallen with force and arms upon the Maryland "oyster pirates." Rather he would have fallen upon them, but they are a remarkably fleet set of rascals, who have usually had quite as good luck in keeping out of the range of the Governor's great and small guns, as in snatching the luscious oyster from the clutches of the indignant Virginia dredger. Several times when the Governor of the sovereign State of Maryland thought his sacred boundaries were disregarded, he has mustered his army and navy, and blood has obscured the face of the kindly moon that shines down upon the face of the placid Chesapeake.

This year the impudent Marylanders have invaded, with their sacrilegious dredge, the sacred precincts of the Rappahannock River. The Governor of Virginia has ordered out artillery and infantry, and the next gale that sweeps from the South may bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms, and the dull thud of the scuttled oyster boats.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

We wish it understood that the steel engraving of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which we offer with the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2, is not a cheap chromo, a worn-out plate, or a catch-penny of any kind. It is something we have been trying to get for two years, because it is something more than good. The plate is one of the finest ever made, it is a standard work of art, which will be found in the best art galleries and the collections of the most critical art-lovers in America and Europe There never were but 2,000 of them printed, and artcrities give it the first place in point of excellence and the second in point of size. It is on the walls of 2,000 art-collectors, and is worthy of a place anywhere.

It never sold for less than $10. We purchased the plate outright, and are literally giving them away. We do it simply to extend the circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE and to do our army of readers some good. We pledge our reputation upon the plate, and guarantee that those receiving it will be more than pleased. No more appropriate holiday present can be made than this superb engraving and the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. It is worthy a place in any house, and no such opportunity for the adornment of the home will ever be offered again. The BLADE one year and the engraving $2.

RENEW your subscription at once, and if you like the paper, as we hope you do, send in a new subscriber with your renewal.

THE BLADE AND THE RUM POWER.

The BLADE is the first of the great papers of the country that has taken position against the supremacy of the Rum Power, which, of course, has occasioned much comment, favorable and unfavorable. The best way to manage this monster is yet an open question. But one thing is certain—a trade which is evil in and of itself, which comprises everything there is in life that is bad and has nothing whatever in it that is good, it is perfectly proper to oppose on general principles. But when such a trade attempts to control the politics of the country, when it enters into parties and demands control of them in its own interest, when it assumes to make and unmake political parties, there is every reason why every patriot, every right-thinking man should strike it wherever and whenever he can.

The BLADE is opposed to the sale and consumption of intoxicating drinks, and is in favor of restricting, restraining and finally destroying the traffic. The BLADE insists upon constant experiments in this direction till the great work is finally accomplished. To this end it will use all the weapons at command. It will appeal to the moral sense of the people and to the strong hand of the law.

The BLADE holds Rum to be a greater evil to the Republic than slavery was, and whosoever does the most to "mitigate and finally eradicate the evil," deserves the best of his countrymen.

It is the one great question of the day, and the BLADE will be as outspoken on this subject as it has been on all others in times past.

We care not a straw who is offended or who pleased. We are entirely satisfied that we are right, and that settled, everything is settled, so far as we are concerned.

THE ONE QUESTION.

It has been the fashion to sneer at any movement in favor of Temperance. Rum and beer drinking have been treated as a matter in which only those who drank had any right to be considered—that it was something that the public had nothing to do with

Under certain conditions this might be correct. If rum was as innocent as beefsteak, or if looked upon as a deadly poison, if the consumer were the only one to suffer, this might pass current.

But it so happens that this is not the case. There is not a drop of rum consumed that does not affect the public at large as much as it does the consumer. Consequently the public has a right to say something as to how and on what terms it shall be used.

An examination of the police reports and the records of the criminal courts will disclose the fact that 90 per cent. of all the criminality in the country is the direct result of the use of intoxicants. Every one familiar with the statistics of pauperism knows that 90 per cent. of those who are public charges come to this sad estate through the use of stimulants. Everybody who knows anything knows that rum is the first educator in crime, and the final finisher of the criminal. Everybody knows that rum is the chief reliance of the gambling hells, of the houses of prostitution, of the brutalities of the prize ring, and of everything that is low and debasing in in life. Everybody knows that there is nothing in or about the whisky shop or the beer saloon that tends toward correct living or the good of any community. Everybody knows that where rum is, criminality of every degree and pauperism exist; that it is the concomitant, the very essence, of everything that tends to degrade a people.

And everybody knows or should know that the control of this infernal traffic is almost the first duty of a governing power, and that in no civilized country is it permitted freedom. Germany, where it does the least damage, has it securely in the Governmental grip, France has it under complete control, and England, suffering more from it than any European country, is trying to solve the problem how best to destroy it.

It is nonsense to say that a trade that points the knife and aims the revolver of the murderer, that every year kills the best and brightest, a trade that is the beginning and ending of everything that is bad, is the only one to go on forever absolutely uncontrolled by law. It is worse than nonsense to say that a traffic which imposes upon the public the cost of the police, the criminal courts, and the support of poor-houses and hospitals, shall be permitted to go on its devastating course, uncontrolled and above all law. And it is worse than madness for any people to permit a traffic which has absolutely nothing of good in it and so much of evil, to not only go on uncontrolled, but to give over to its hands the government of Cities and States.

Were it a mere passive nuisance it should be under the law and not over it, but it is not. The profits of beer and whisky making, and selling, are so enormous that it has absorbed vast capital and the best business talent. The brewers and distillers are not content with what comes naturally in their way. They are laboring, nights, days, and Sundays to extend their trade. They are using every appliance that shrewd men can devise to make drunkards, that they may have a morigage upon their labor; they are educating stomachs in drunkenness, to create a market for their prednct; they are establishing pit-falls everywhere for the youth of the country and the laboring masses. The whisky power is as active as the allurement of the dollar can make it, and that its infernal work is successful the criminal reports in any paper abundantly show.

It is for the people to say whether this flood of criminality and pauperism shall flow on forever, or whether it shall be checked. It is the question of the hour, it is a question which in importance to the country, is above slavery, above tariff, above any question that can possibly come before the people. It is home against the rum mills. It is purity against corruption. The very perpetuity of Republican institutions are involved in it. The one question in America, as in England, is how best to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PLEASE renew your subscription to the BLADE before your time expires. It saves us time and trouble, and it saves you the missing of numbers. Ten years from now a complete file of the BLADE will be worth five times its cost.

THE trichina has never raged so in Germany as it has since the exclusion of American pork. It begins to look as if they will have to re-admit our pork as an antidote.

PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION.

MR. DAVID A. WELLS, who makes many pretentions as a teacher of economics, was the main speaker at the great Free Trade meeting in New York the other evening. In his opening he protested that he was going to ignore theory and discuss Protection from a practical standpoint, and that of our experience. Then, as his major premise:

He declared that the power of domestic production continually tends to be far in excess of the power of domestic consumption. This fact is obvious as to agriculture and in respect to our so-called manufacturing industries it is only necessary to refer to the general complaint that business, though large (as it necessarily must be to supply the needs of a nation of 56,000,000) is, through excessive competition, conducted with little profit; that a very large percentage of that small part of our manufactures which can be subjected to foreign competition and which have been stimulated by high protection has either suspended wholly like many of the iron furnaces and rolling mills, or have in a measure curtailed production with avoiding heavy losses.

Here, at the outset, Mr. WELLS carefully obscures the fundamental laws of production and consumption.

He says that we are producing more than we are consuming. This is only true of certain articles, and it is wasteful, extravagant, and unwise that we are producing more of some things than we need, while producing less than we need of other things. Thus, we have to sell our surplus of one kind of productions in order to make up our deficiencies in other kinds of productions. This is a vicious policy in any great community like ours, which should always aim to make all classes of industry interdependent and mutually supporting. But what aggravates the case, and what is a steady tendency toward impoverishment is that the class of productions which we sell abroad, are those upon which there is the least profit to the producers, while on those we buy abroad there is the greatest profit.

This policy is directly contrary to that which all enlightened Nations strive to pursue.

We have an over-production of wheat, corn, oats, etc., because in the eight months ended August 31 we sent abroad—

	Number.	Value.
Cattle	120,848	$ 2,717,000
Hogs	14,927	58,550
Sheep	285,539	120,117
Corn, bus	46,143,917	30,000,000
Oats, bus	225,273	124,000
Rye, bus	2,576,632	1,842,000
Wheat, bus	42,926,417	48,893,000
Wheat flour, bbls	6,843,369	33,355,000

Here we have had go abroad over $125,000,000 worth of our products upon which our people make the slenderest margin of profits, and while we were selling this the English and others sold back to us $467,747,974 worth of goods, of which $336,643,146 were dutiable articles upon which they made the highest rate of profit.

The fundamental laws of political economy dictate that if we sell anything abroad, it be that upon which we make the most money, and that instead of having hundreds of millions of dollars worth of food to sell abroad, we have enough skilled workingmen at home to consume all these. France, England and Germany can well afford to have us raise all their food—upon which we make but a slender profit and employ the cheapest form of labor—if they can pay for it in articles upon which they make great profits, and to produce which the highest grade of skilled labor is required.

It is absurd to the last degree for any one to talk of our manufacturers being "shut out of foreign markets," when they can not—or at least do not—supply the home demand, by several hundred millions worth of goods per annum. Until our manufacturers can drive their foreign competitors out of the home market, we need not expect much success in driving them out of their carefully worked markets abroad. There can be no over-production until our own manufacturere put forth more than our own people can consume—which they have never done as yet, and until that happens Mr. WELLS' words will have no significance or meaning.

THE BALL PROBABLY OPENED.

A good deal of interest centers around the cable announcement that a French garrison had been attacked by Chinese forces. It is true that the latter were finally obliged to retreat; but if, as declared, the attacking force were regular Chinese soldiers, the affair wears a more important aspect than the numbers engaged or the result would seem to warrant. In truth it is almost equivalent to a declartion of war and will doubtless soon be followed by one.

There is no question but that such a war would be followed by momentous circumstances not alone to France but to all Europe, and for several reasons. In the first place as has been before stated, the foreign population in the Chinese seaport Towns will be completely at the mercy of undisciplined mobs who hate them, and who will be still further aggravated by the excitement incident to war. No discrimination will be made between the French and other Europeans, and Americans who may chance to be there, and this fact may cause complications to arise undreamed of now.

As to the combatants themselves, it is hard to predicate the result. The French are undoubtedly the better soldiers. Their fighting qualities are superior in every way, but they are comparatively few in number, and all reinforcements must be carried a long distance, at great expense.

On the other hand, the Chinese are almost countless. Should 50,000 be swept from the field, their places could be supplied in an exceedingly short space of time. But until recently they knew little of the methods of war, and even now cannot be compared with the thoroly drilled and disciplined armies of the Old World. China's advantage will lie in her proximity to the field of operations and to the limitless numbers from which she can recruit her armies.

The commercial world will come in for its share of disturbance, and in this direction the United States will suffer. Within a few years a large Chinese trade has sprung up, the center being, in this country, New York and San Francisco. With the Chinese seaboard blockaded that must come to an end. Further developments will possess the greatest interest.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

But a few copies of Bible Biography left. Those of our readers who have not secured a copy, should do so at once. It is an elegant book for a Christmas gift. A $3.00 book post-paid by mail for $1.25. See description on Eighth page this issue.

THE Weekly BLADE one year and the great steel engraving of BUNYAN'S Pilgrim's Progress," for $2, is the greatest offer ever made. We guarantee the picture to be all that is said of it.

NASBY.

To tell the age of a lady count her rings—each ring 15 years.

English girls, it is understood, prefer American plumbers to home noblemen.

Young ladies are now hard at work making slippers for their respective ministers.

Mrs. Mackay's box at the Theatre des Italiens, in Paris, costs her $10,000 a year.

It is the fashion to use one perfume only. Thus one girl always uses violet, another rose, etc.

A man in Denver kissed a woman on the street, and she put out one of his eyes with an umbrella.

The buttons used on all dresses this season are exceedingly small, and are sewed on the dress very closely together.

Cuffs are coming in style again. They are fastened with tiny studs like those worn in the high collars so much worn at present.

A Connecticut woman has written to the Emperor of Brazil and asked him if he won't please emancipate the slaves of the country.

A merry exchange tells us that Boston girls never giggle. They merely express their delight by a dreamy far-away, North-pole smile.

Felt hats are worn to the exclusion of all others on the street. They are generally trimmed with a little velvet and a bird of brilliant plumage.

Crimson stockings are now more worn than the black ones. Those made of silk and very fine lisle thread are fashionable only for dress occasions.

"No," said Mrs. Parvenu, "we have seen Irving yet, but we have all his boo in our library, and I went to Sunnyside the Hudson two years ago."

Tidies become more and more beautiful and costly. The newest, of the rich white satin, are hand painted in a style th would make Oscar Wilde fall down in a f —of admiration.

Silk has superseded fur as the fashionable lining for outdoor wraps of every descr tion. When it is fine and nicely quilted is quite as warm as the fur, and not troublesome to keep in order.

Dio Lewis says American women ne sunshine and not paint and powder to i prove their complexions, still, an occasion meal of corned beef and cabbage wou help give it a finishing touch.

Red, in all the shades, are very mu worn. Gray is popular, too, though ve unbecoming to the majority of complexio It takes a very clear pink and white sk to stand in contrast with gray.

Fancy stationery is properly voted v gar. There is nothing more genteel th plain white paper and envelopes, and it still more "genteel" and after the manu of the "old school" people to use seali wax.

Miss Van Zandt is believed by Parisi to have led a romantic career in her ea days among the Indians of Texas, but unimaginative uncle says she never saw Indian, except the wooden ones guardi the tobacco fastnesses in her native City Brooklyn.

The fourth year of the Harvard Ann has demonstrated that the undertaking m fairly be regarded as no longer an experiment. The success of this form of colleg ate education for women is said to be sured. A fund of $67,000 has been obtain by the ladies of the Executive Committe

A Cincinnati girl is engaged to be ma ried on Christmas day, her lover stipulating that she must weigh on that da just 125 pounds, no more, no less. The co ditions appear somewhat difficult, but on give a Cincinnati girl a chance to get ma ried and she will be at the church prompt on time or perish miserably in the a tempt.

The students in a female college in M waukee, Wis., are in rebellion because t authorities have forbidden the wearing hoops and bangs. They have drawn up set of resolutions stating that thoug teachers might have some control over t education of their pupils they had nothi to do with their personal tastes or wishes.

"Mamma," said a three-year-old Troja arising from his knees after saying his eve ing prayer, "God doesn't do what I t him to. I say, 'God bless me and make a good boy,' but he lets Satan come arou and make me a naughty boy sometime and having shifted responsibility for childish iniquities, he tumbled into dre land.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED O

Sara Bernhardt owns a profitable dair

Mrs. Burnett is writing another mor play.

Robert Browning's son is a sculptor Paris.

The Secretary of the Navy is not a sh Chandler.

Mrs. Phil. Sheridan has beautiful ches nut hair.

Matthew Arnold was a Christmas gift his parents.

Pres. Arthur is said to be a difficult ma to interview.

Mrs. Tom Thumb says she will neve marry again.

Jay Gould is growing thin. He takes to much water.

Murat Halstead is said to be writing po litical poetry.

The Earl of Cork has been opening bottle in San Francisco.

The President is hard at work on h annual message.

Levy, the cornet-player, is now disgust with interviewers.

Gen. Hancock's lame leg is still a sourc of annoyance to him.

Hery Bergh has not yet arrested any bod for cruelty to oysters.

Sen. Coke, of Texas, will burn hard co in his new residence.

Mrs. Langtry's sore throat has choked o criticism for some time.

Dr. Schliemann lives in Greece, but says h s an American citizen.

Ex-Sec. Evarts could lasso a buffalo wit one of his short sentences.

Jay Gould's trip West has added a new luster to his keen, black eye.

"Sunset" Cox's prospects are radiant, though a few clouds obscure his sky.

Col. Don Piatt is not only musical, but understands the art of cultivating cabbages.

Cardinal McCloskey will celebrate the 50th anniversary of his ordination on Jan. 2.

John Owens, the actor, used to wrestle with the pestle as a pill-compounder in Philadelphia.

Judge Gildersleeve, of the American Rifle team, is blazing away at wild ducks in Pennsylvania.

Butler is dubbed the Mahone of Massachusetts, but the Old Bay State doesn't want him for her own.

Neros, one of the survivors of the "Jeannette" expedition, says he has had enough of Arctic experience.

Gen. Nathan Kimball, now in Washington, is said to be the only man who ever whipped Stonewall Jackson.

Ex-Sen. Thurman's countenance is showing the effect of high living. He begins to look like a Washington journalist.

Mrs. Cornwallis West, Evacuation and Thanksgiving days will be the leading attractions in New York next week.

Miss Anna Dickinson is downcast, but not discouraged. In her great rendition of Hamlet" there is no such word as fail.

FOUR LITTLE ONES.

"Oh, ma!" exclaimed a little Austin girl, lancing at the steam gage on a stationary engine, "it's 60 o'clock. I didn't know it ever got so late as that."

"How many parts of speech are there, Johnny?" "Well, in our house there ain't none, 'cause when mammy gets her speech started it never parts; it just reaches from sun to sun 'thout even a crack in it."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a good deal more, isn't it, after it is broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

Little Trot was taking an observation the other day while her mother was making some old-fashioned crullers. "Pears to me," she exclaimed, "they'd go down easier if you didn't tangle 'em up in such awful knots."

FASHIONABLE FRILLS.

As a rule the glove is worn longer as the sleeve is shorter.

The prettiest house-wrappers are in the Kate Greenaway styles.

Bridal dresses are frequently composed of several different fabrics.

Fancy feathers of all kinds adorn hats for semi-toilet and business wear.

Brocaded stuffs are in demand for long cloaks, long dolmans and visites.

Brides' and bridesmaids' dresses have sleeves that are drawn on over the kid gloves.

Skirts of dresses should be narrow when there are many flounces or superimposed draperies.

"My system seemed saturated with scrofula," said Mr. Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn., "but Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me

A CHEAP CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Gold and Silver Watches Given Free to Those Sending Correct Answers to Bible Questions.

What a Toronto Newspaper is Doing to Encourage Bible Study.

Here is what appears in a recent issue of Toronto *Truth*:—

Some little interest was manifested in the Bible Questions given some weeks ago, and a great deal of satisfaction expressed by the recipients of the handsome gold watch and other prizes we gave. We want more of our readers, and every one else, to study up the Bible, the best of all books; and in order to encourage this study, we offer the following valuable prizes for correct answers to the subjoined questions:—

1ST PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Heavy Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, genuine American movement, ordinarily retailed at from $65 to $90.

2ND PRIZE.—One Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch, retailed at about the same figures as above.

3RD PRIZE.—One Gentleman's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch—a valuable article.

4TH PRIZE.—One Lady's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed at $15.

5TH PRIZE.—One Aluminium Gold Watch, retailed at about $12.

6TH PRIZE.—A handsome Nickel Silver Waterbury Watch, which retails at $5.

7TH PRIZE—A handsome Solid Gold Gem Ring, retailed at $5.

The above prizes will be given to the *first* seven persons giving the *correct* answers to all of the following five questions:

1—
2—
3—
4—
5—

CURRENT EVENTS.

Richard Walker, the inventor of the first power loom for knitting woolen undergarments, died in Milford, Mass., last week, aged

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON.

Scheme to Swindle Rebel Conscripts —200,000 Men in the South to be Assessed from $5 to $20 Each—The Gang Broken Up by the Detectives —A Wonderful Piece of Engineering and Jeff. Davis's Connection with It.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1883.

A scheme was recently set on foot in Washington for the wholesale swindling of ex-Confederate soldiers, but the authorities received an intimation of the fraud that was being prepared, and it was nipped in the bud. The plot was a bold one, and had the swindlers not been frustrated on the threshold of the swindle, thousands of men would have been victimized. The contemplated fraud was based on the idea that men who were conscripted into the service of the Confederate States, and forced to fight against their will, were entitled to some sort of compensation or indemnity from the United States Government, which had failed to afford them the protection every citizen is entitled to. The facts pertaining to this audacious scheme have never been given to the public, as a careful effort was made to prevent the newspapers from getting hold of it.

Your correspondent, however, has succeeded in obtaining all the particulars of the conspiracy, and is now in possession of printed copies of the circulars and letters which were to have been used in duping the ex-Confederates. The names of the four men who conceived this scheme, and were about to put it in operation, are also in possession of your correspondent, who is permitted to publish the facts on the consideration that the names are left out. It can be said, however, that the organizer of the fraud is an employe of the Pension Bureau, and has been for many years, that two of his confederates are also Government employes, and that the other is a practicing lawyer in this City. After putting their heads together, these four men established an "office" on Four-and-a-half street near Pennsylvania avenue. They calculated that there was about 200,000 men conscripted into the Confederate service that, at the space it occupied been blank ever since. It has always been the understanding that a Union soldier chiseled out the offensive name, on his own responsibility. It appears, however, according to the statement of Gen. Meigs, the old Quartermaster-General, that the erasion was done officially.

The bridge, in fact, was constructed under the superintendancy of Gen. Meigs, and he put in the name of Jefferson Davis. He turned the bridge over to Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior under Pres. Lincoln. Gen. Meigs says it was the direct order of Mr. Lincoln or one of his Cabinet officers that the name was chiseled out.

Gen. Meigs also declares that the erasion was unnecessary, and that the name should be replaced. He is disposed to believe that the Government of the United States is strong enough, and should be magnaninous enough to permit even the name of Jefferson Davis to remain on one of its public bridges, with the building of which he had some official connection.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Celebration of the Evacuation of New York—Description of that Event Just One Hundred Years Ago—The New Statue of Washington in Wall Street.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26, 1883.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade:

This has been a great day in New York and had it not been for the heavy rainfall, one of the grandest celebrations of this country would have been seen. As it was, there were hundreds of thousands of people thronging the streets to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the English.

One hundred years ago New York was a Town of 1,000 houses and about 20,000 people and occupied only the lower portion of the island, when on the 24th of November Sir Guy Carleton, representative of the British Crown wrote to Washington, "I propose to withdraw from this place tomorrow at noon, by which time I conclude your troops will be near the barrier." Later in the day appeared in prominent places a printed notice reading as follows:

The Committee appointed to conduct the order of receiving their Excellencies Gov. Clinton and Gen. Washington.

Beg leave to inform their fellow citizens that the troops under the command of Gen. Knox will take possession of the City at 1 o'clock precisely on Tuesday next. As soon as this may be performed he will request the citizens who have assembled on the Bowling Green at the lower end of the Broad Way to accompany him to meet their Excellencies Gov. Clinton and Gen. Washington at the Bull's Head in the Bowery, the citizens on foot to assemble at or near the Tea-water Pump at Fresh-water.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A body of horse will precede their Excellencies and be on their flanks. After the General and Governor will follow the Lieutenant-Governor and members of the Council for the temporary government of the southern parts of the State, the gentlemen on horseback, eight in front, liaison on foot in rear of the horse in like manner. Their Excellencies after passing down Queen street and the line of troops up the Broad Way will a-light at Cape's Tavern.

The Committee hope to see their fellow citizens conduct themselves with decency and decorum on this joyful occasion.

CITIZENS TAKE CARE!

The inhabitants are hereby informed that permission has been obtained from the commandant to form themselves in patrols this night and that every person found in the streets will be given to the guards, as well as to aid and assist as to give protection to the patrols; and that the countersign will be given to Thomas Tucker—51 Water street, from whom it can be obtained.

THE GREAT DAY

dawned clear and frosty, very unlike this morning which was so damp and cloudy. At an early hour, the little army of occupation which had been encamped in the woods of what is now Central Park, marched down the old post road and through the Bowery, to the line of fortifications which stretched across the Island from Corlear's Hook. This line the enemy held till nearly 1 o'clock, when it was announced that the guard had retired, and the Continentals marched through the works in full martial order and on to the city.

EVERY MAN WAS A VETERAN

and all were arrayed in their best; the new blue and white uniforms of the light infantry were conspicuous, and the fine soldierly bearing of the picked battalions called forth the praise of Washington himself. First came the dragoons, then an advance guard of light infantry, followed by Major-Gen. Henry Knox and Brigadier-Gen. Henry Jackson. After them came two companies of artillery under Maj. Bauman, then a battalion of light infantry under Lieut.-Col. William Hull and Maj. Samuel Thorn were followed by the First Massachusetts Continentals, under Col. Joseph Vose, and a rear guard.

Down Queen—the Pearl street of to-day—up through Wall, then a fashionable thoroughfare, and up Broadway the soldiers marched, halting at Cape Tavern—where the Fraunces Tavern of to-day stands—to receive the civic procession. Meanwhile two companies were dispatched down Broadway to consummate the formalities of occupation, and

THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS RAISED

over the fort while barges filled with loitering red-coats and Hessians were pushing off from the shore to the transports and men-of-war in the Bay. Royalty at last had taken leave of a continent and republicanism formally possessed it. Everything was done decently and in order, although crowds of citizens in the streets, wild with delight, greeted the troops as they filed by with cheers and waving banners.

There were

NO STORES ON BROADWAY

and the houses were set back from the street with gardens and greensward about them. There had been two rows of trees through the street, but many of these had been cut down during the exceptionally hard winters of that period to furnish fuel for the freezing refugees. Sidewalks were a later luxury, the gutters of that day running in the middle of the street. But every yard and garden and porch and window and roof was thronged with happy faces waiting for the civil dignitaries. At last they came in the prescribed order, and again there was cheering and waving of flags and garlands, and beating of drums and the roar of saluting artillery, and addresses of welcome, and in the evening a public dinner by the Governor at Fraunces' Tavern, where a notable company assembled.

So closed the memorable day which all New York is celebrating to-day, and in spite of the drenching rain that is pouring, the celebration is a grand success.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON,

by J. Q. A. Ward, was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, on the steps of the Sub-Treasury building, in Wall street this afternoon.

The figure is of colossal size, being about 13 feet 6 inches in hight, and weighs 6,500 pounds. The pedestal on which it will stand is about six feet in hight, and what may be called the rostrum, on which the pedestal is placed, is about eight feet above the street level. This and the pedestal were designed by Richard M. Hunt. Washington, in the statue, is supposed to be in the act of taking the oath of office. The left foot is slightly advanced and the right hand is extended. The left hand rests on the hilt of his sword. The figure is dressed in the costume of the period—open coat, long waistcoat, knee-breeches and stockings, with low-cut shoes and buckles. Around the neck is the old-fashioned cravat. Frills are displayed at the shirt front and ruffles at the wrist. The body is erect and the head is held high. The features express calm dignity and power. They are without that somewhat vacant wood-n expression which is seen in some of the representations of the Father of his Country. To the right of the figure is a short column of fasces, on which rests an open Bible. A military cloak hangs from the left shoulder and partly conceals the left arm, affording a mass of drapery for a background. In the pedestal has been placed the stone upon which Washington stood when he took his first oath of office as President. CHAPUIS.

Southern Nebraska.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

FAIRMONT, FILLMORE CO., NEB., October 27, 1883.

Fillmore County is situated in the southern portion of the State, 100 miles west of the Missouri River, a prairie country, with a narrow belt of timber lining the principle streams, which are large enough to afford abundant water power. This County was first settled in the year 1867. There being but little timber the first settlers built houses of sod, a description of which may be of interest. The sod used was tough and boggy, taken from the sloughs. The walls of the house were from three to four feet thick at the bottom, tapering gradually to the top. The roof was constructed of poles and brush covered with sod, upon which the tall grass would grow, so the owner sometimes had his front yard on the top of his house. The interior was plastered with a native lime found along the streams. They made a very comfortable house. They have entirely disappeared in this country, but in the western portions of the State they form the principal habitation of the settlers. Homesteads can still be had further West, raw prairie land in this vicinity is worth from $10 to $20 per acre; improved farms sell from $15 to $30 per acre. The real estate market is quite brisk, as a great many of the farmers of Illinois and other Eastern States are flocking to this country to locate. The Burlington & Missouri Railroad runs through this County. Fairmont is the largest Town, containing about 800 inhabitants. Then are three smaller Towns within eight miles. The principal crops are wheat, oats and corn—the former yields from 15 to 30 bushes per acre; oats, 40 to 50; corn, 30 to 60 bushels per acre.

Interest is very high. We pay 2 per cent. a month, to borrow money on mortgage security. If some of the capitalists of the East come here the could do well loaning money.

Farm hands are scarce. A good hand can get from $18 to $30 per month. Female labor cannot be had at any price.

Politically, this State is Republican; Democrats are very scarce. There are five newspapers published in the County—all Republican. The woman suffrage amendment was submitted to the people of the State last Fall and was badly defeated.

For a man who wants a home, and is willing to work, this is a good place for him. JESSE S. GOOD.

Not a Party Question.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

NEWTON, Ill., Nov. 17.

I gather from reading the editorials of the BLADE of the 15th that it is still more of a Republican than Prohibition paper. "Pulverize the Liquor Power" appeared but twice, I believe, in its columns. For things as a Republican, I am truly thankful, and I trust the BLADE will leave that question hereafter for local and State Governments to manage. The Republican party cannot —dare not, go before the people next year with Prohibition emblazoned upon its banners, unless, indeed, it desires defeat. Pronibition is not a party question in any sense. Thousands of men in every State in the Union—men, too, who are strictly temperate and moral—will repudiate any such party sentiment at the polls. If our laws are inadequate to control the Liquor Power, let us repeal them and make laws that will control it; but for God's sake don't ask the Republican party, as a party, to take up and attemps to carry this gigantic, accursed incubus. Germany, a beer-drinking and beer-making country, controls the evils of beer-drinking and beer-making by law. Do we want to admit that the United States is powerless to? The manufacture and use of it, however, cannot be prohibited in any one nation or State. You, Mr. Editor, know this as well as I. This fact has been demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of every thinking man, in our local option elections, and upon a wider basis in Kansas and Iowa. Prohibition does not prohibit, but prohibition will disrupt and destroy the Republican party ere long, if we, as Republicans, do not let it alone. Prohibition defeated St. John in Kansas; Prohibition defeated Charley Stratton, as true and patriotic a Republican as breathes the air of heaven, and a Temperance man besides, in this State last Fall for School Superintendent, and came within a few hundred votes of defeating that gallant soldier and citizen, Gen John C. Smith, for State Treasurer; Prohibition trickery and treason defeated the patriotic Foraker in your own State a few weeks ago. Do we want any more of it? I think not. Let it alone, then, Mr. Editor, and as Republicans let us join shoulder to shoulder for protection to American labor and industry, good and safe money, an honest administration of the laws, and the Republican party. E. B. GORRELL.

A Kentuckian Speaks.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

WESTBORO, ATCHISON CO., MO., November 17, 1883.

I have been a constant reader of your paper for many years, and I am proud to say you have at all times espoused the cause of right and morality. I see "B. L. H's." late lamentations over what he terms the downfall of the grand old Republican party, brought about by a few "fanatics and so-styled Republican papers" upholding Prohibition, and wants such to assume the name of "Christian or Neutral." I, as a Kentucky soldier, saw enough "neutrality" and its evils to do me all my life. I, too, look back with pride on the grand achievements of the grand old Republican party, and believe we have another greater curse and evil to put down.

"B. L. H." is too good a Republican to offer any argument against the principles of Prohibition, but sees Republicans deserting, etc. We had men to desert the army, and at some temporary Rebel success could hear Butternuts, Rebel sympathizers, and some army grumblers curse Pres. Lincoln and Congress for hiring negro cooks and teamsters and meddling with slavery. They cried "Fanatics!" But we faced the bullets and the issue, and won what "B. L. H." is now so proud of. Cannot he and every other good Republican realize that the Temperance issue is upon us, or does he want the grand old Republican party to espouse the rumseller's cause, and out-Herod Herod himself or the Democratic party in advocating free whisky? We say no, let every true Republican paper and voter stand by the rights of the people, to rid this Nation of the blighting curse of the liquor power that is more encroaching, more arrogant, and is the cause of more sin, misery, degredation and taxation than slavery ever was. Old soldier comrads, kd us help pulverize the liquor power.

T. J. W.

Not "Opposed to Prohibition."

HOYLETON, Washington Co., Ill., November 18, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In the "Correspondence" column of your last issue occurs an article entitled "Opposed to Prohibition," signed B. L. H. The writer uses too many pronouns of the first person, singular number, to impress one strongly with the idea that he is blessed, to any great degree, with that shrinking modesty supposed to characterize all good minds.

While he claims to be temperate and believe in morality, the appetite he displays for such words as "spies," "traitors" and "fanatics" reminds one strongly of the intemperate manner in which the old toper guzzles his "liquid hell." You should have reminded him, in as gentle a manner as possible, that the words "fanatics," "traitors," and other opprobrious epithets used to be applied with great regularity and unfailing precision to the founders of the very party to which he now esteems it such an honor to belong. You should break the news to him gently, that the press of our country 25 or 30 years ago teemed with just such epithets that he uses, even including the "Benedict Arnolds" of his epistle, but they were then applied to such men as John Brown, Owen Lovejoy, Horace Greeley, Wendell Philips, and other "Abolition fanatics."

If you think he could stand it you might tell this Ohio bantling that bigots who will not reason and fools who cannot reason, know no other style of argument than that in which he indulges. If he survives this, you can tell him, bluntly tell him, that unless the "grand old party" can grapple with the question of Prohibition in a different manner from his its grandeur is gone, and its days are numbered just as certainly as were the days of Democracy in 1856.

T. D. HINCKLEY.

Are you aware the New French Process Soap does the washing without boiling or scalding the clothes.

The Home Near the Sea.

SOUTH BEND, PACIFIC CO., WASH. TY. Nov. 10, 1883.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

The writer is now sojourning in Pacific County, the extreme Southwestern corner of Washington Territory. I have seen all the country in Western Washington, and in my opinion Pacific County has more inducements open to settlers than any other part I have seen. At any rate they seem to make a living easier than in any place I ever saw. There are very few wagons used, most everybody travels around in boats. We are stopping at a farm house within 15 miles of the sea, and on the beautiful Willapa River.

There is very little farming done, as the farmers say they can make a living easier by raising stock. There are scores of logging camps in this country, and a laboring man can get from $45 to $100 a month wages and board. The climate is not suitable for corn, peaches, grapes, tomatos or melons, as the nights are too cool; but it will raise wheat, barley, oats, hay, peas, potatos and all kinds of vegetables; also apples pears, plums, prunes, and all kinds of berries.

FOR DAIRY FARMING

it is unsurpassed, as cattle keep fat the year round on the native grass. Timothy hay sells now at $30 a ton. A chicken ranch is a fine paying business, as chickens sell at $6 a dozen, and eggs bring 50 cents a dozen. There is plenty of wild game, such as elk, deer, bear, and in the line of wild fowl we have geese, ducks, pheasants, grouse and so on, and all the rivers are full of fish. It is only 10 miles to Shoalwater Bay, the great oyster depot of the coast; any one can have all the oysters they want if they will take the trouble to get them.

HEALTH.

I don't think there is any healthier country in the world, and I am confident any industrious man can support his family far easier here, on 40 acres of land than he can in Ohio on 80 acres; and far better than he can by any manual labor, or most any mechanical trade in the East.

Of course this is a timbered country, but it is not so dense as in Whatcom County, and the soil is just as good. One man here raised 900 bushels of turnips on one acre, also 500 bushels of potatos to the acre. Oats go as high as 100 bushels to the acre, and weigh 50 pounds to the bushel.

A man can make a good start here with from $500 to $1,000. There is plenty of Government land, also lots of fine railroad land, at prices ranging from $3 to $10 per acre, cash or on time. And with only five acres in cultivation and put into vegetables, he will have all he can use and plenty to sell. There is a large sawmill here on the river, where one can buy building lumber. Then a few cows to start with, and in a few years he will have plenty of cattle and chickens, and eggs will buy all his groceries and clothing. In the Winter time one has nothing to do but get wood and fish and hunt. Hardly anybody here has any horses, for they don't need them; with one yoke of oxen one can do all the work he has to do, and it costs nothing to keep them.

THE WINTERS

are somewhat rainy, as is all the western part of Washington and Oregon.

There are school houses wherever there is a settlement—one of your genuine, old fashioned log houses, with wooden benches and desks, and the teachers "board around."

There are lots of settlers been living here for 25 years, and the most conspicuous object a stranger will see on entering one of these old settlers houses is the spinning wheel.—CLATON V. WILDER, formerly of Chillicothe, O.

Nominating a President.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

RIDGEVILLE, Ind., Nov. 3, 1883.

I see that a BLADE correspondent suggests that the people themselves say who shall be the candidates for President, and I think his head is level. Is it reasonable to suppose that delegates to a National Convention, after wrangling for days, sometimes, and in nominating a man whom they have just been opposing with might and main, can turn round and go to work for that candidate with the same enthusiasm that they would for their favorite? It is not reasonable to expect it. Now, why not let each precinct, no matter how small, hold its meeting and say who the candidates shall be, and send their delegates to a Township meeting, instructed to vote their choice; then the Township send to a County Convention, the County to a District or State Convention, and the State to the National, where the platform and other machinery of the campaign can be arranged, and let there be no foolishness, but let the platform say what it means and mean what it says. Thus the voters can say, we had our say, and if we did not get our choice it was because the majority was against us, and it is our duty to stand right up for the ticket. And they will do it, too. We don't want any dark horse this year, but a man with a record, made either in the councils of the Nation or in defense of his country. We want to fight the battle of 1884 fair and square on the merits of the party. Let this policy prevail, and we think our standard-bearer will be that Plumed Knight, James G. Blaine, who marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor, and who is still a total stranger to defeat. And, don't forget it, the old reliable Republican party will have a walk-over in '84 that will astonish the oldest inhabitant.

SAM GINGER.

Does Not Believe in Prohibition.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I'm neither a liquor maker, seller or drinker, but I am a freeman and an ardent Republican. The Kansas man—"B. L. H."—in last issue of the BLADE is right. Either let the Republican papers and politicians quit blowing Prohibition and passing Prohibitory laws, or else quit claiming to be Republicans. As good Republicans are opposed to Prohibition as favor it.

BENJAMIN RIST.

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1883. PROSPECTUS. 1884

OF THE

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE,

(NASBY'S PAPER.)

For one-fifth of a century the TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE has been under the present management, excepting two years. Starting with nothing, it has grown in that time to be the most widely circulated and influential family newspaper in the United States, its circulation at the present time being

115,000!

This vast circulation is due to several causes The BLADE is a paper for the whole country, and its contents are adapted to the whole country. It is Edited. It is not thrown together, but every line of it goes through competent hands. It is a complete epitome of the news of the week, and whoever reads the BLADE carefully needs nothing else to be well informed as to what the world is doing.

Editorially the BLADE has made a proud record. It has an opinion on everything that affects the people of the country, and it expresses it boldly, fearlessly and forcibly.

As good as the BLADE has been in the years gone by, we shall make it better than ever in the year to come. Among others, the following will be the leading features for the coming year. A Serial Story:—

COURT AND CAMP; or, "THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN ANNE." By ERNEST WARREN. Author of "Throne and Scaffold," "Unknown," etc. This story was written especially for the BLADE, and is the best of Mr. Warren's many really great works.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY MULE. By John McElroy, the author of "Andersonville," "The Red Acorn," and other exceedingly popular works on army life. This story will depict the humorous, as well as pathetic side of army life, and will be eagerly sought for and read with avidity.

"NASBY IN EXILE" will be continued through Italy and France and Warwickshire in England, the series concluding with the voyage homeward.

"NASBY IN THE SOUTH" will be commenced in December, and will continue probably six months or more. Mr. Locke starts about December 1st on a complete tour of the Southern States, for the purpose of determining, by actual observation, the present condition of the South, its advantages and disadvantages, its progress, morally, socially, politically and financially. The letters will be non-political and will be in the same general style as his letters from Europe, combining instruction with amusement.

"THE CAMP FIRE," an entirely new department, devoted to the discussion of all topics pertaining to the noncombatant history of the war, and all matters connected with pensions, bounties, etc. This department will have special care of the Soldiers' Home, and will be not only of interest, but positive benefit to the survivors of the great struggle.

"MY LIFE." The life and adventures of an English nobleman sent to India as a cadet at the age of 16, and who afterward served in the Austrian Army. Now and for 30 years past a resident of Hungary. This autobiography is not only vastly entertaining and instructive, but amusing.

THE HOUSEHOLD will be continued under the able editorship of Miss Merrill S. Bourne, whose "Health and Beauty" papers were so well received. This department will embrace specialties of use to every girl and woman in the country.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS will have the same attention and be as reliable and full as ever.

THE NASBY LETTERS, which has been a feature of the BLADE for twenty years, will be continued, and during the Presidential campaign of 1884 will be of especial value.

The other departments will have increased attention, and will be made better and better every week.

POLITICALLY,

The BLADE will continue an exponent of true Republicanism, believing that the best interests of the country demand the continuance of its control in the hands of the party that represents the highest and most advanced ideas.

There are new questions arising that demand especial attention, the chief of which is the attitude of the

RUM POWER.

Thirty years ago the slave power seized control of the Government, and the Rum Power is attempting the same thing. The brewing and distilling interests, representing quite as much in money as the slave interest, and a thousand times more dangerous to the Nation, has taken possession of the Democratic party, and through it expects to control the Government. It has a solid mass of votes, large enough to cast the balance of power between the parties, as they are now divided. In Ohio it struck down the Republican ticket, in New York the head of the Democratic ticket, and in Wisconsin it defies public opinion with even greater boldness and demands absolute freedom in drunkard making. It has served notice upon both parties that it must control their action.

The BLADE will fight this monster iniquity with all the power it possesses, and in every way possible. The BLADE holds the liquor traffic to be a greater curse than slavery, and a thousand times more dangerous to the country. It is the one over-shadowing danger to every household in the country, the one standing menace to every wife and child. The BLADE will join heart and hand in any and every movement to curtail its power, to cripple and destroy it. The work it has already commenced will be continued with more vigor than ever, to the end of educating public sentiment in the right direction, and arousing the people to the danger that threatens them.

We ask the co-operation of every well-wisher of the Republic that our work may be effective. We ask every Republican in the United States to assist in extending the circulation of the BLADE, especially among that section of the Republican party which believes as we do in the necessity of PULVERIZING THE RUM POWER. We want the BLADE in as many families as possible this Winter, that it may be read before the excitement of a political campaign, giving it time for its truths to take root in the minds of its readers.

It only requires a few minutes work to secure another reader of the BLADE, and that few minutes will be time well and profitably spent.

We promise a better paper than ever.

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20	Ladies' Gold Watches at	40	800
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8	Sewing Machines at	40	320
20	Ladies' Sets at	5	100
20	Vest Chains, Silver, at	5	100
20	Gold Pens and Holders at	5	100
20	Sets Teaspoons at	3	60
10	Sets Tablespoons at	4	40
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The BLADE COMPANY has purchased of the Congregational Publishing Society, of Boston, the Steel Engraving of BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, and is therefrom re-producing a limite number of the great work, which has been ranked in Europe and America as the

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It was originally the idea of Rev. Daniel Wight, of Solitude, Mass., who gave his sketch to the world-renowned artist, HAMMATT BILLINGS, of Boston, who perfected it. This great work, the best of the many the great artist has produced, was entrusted to Joseph Andrews, of Boston, confessedly the first engraver upon steel in the world, who gave it the best of his time for eight years, it being with him more a labor of love than profit.

A PARTIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE WORK.

The series, for there are one hundred distinct pictures on the plate, distinct, yet all connected, commences in the lower corner with the CITY OF DESTRUCTION, Christian, alarmed at the impending doom, escaping, his wife and children imploring him stay.

After this are the Tableau to the number of one hundred, as follows:

2. The Pilgrim in rags, on his knees; Bible open.
3. Evangelist comes to the Pilgrim.
4. Pilgrim fleeing for Eternal life.
5. Neighbors looking on, mocking.
6. Obstinate and Pliable sent to bring him back.
7. Pliable persuaded to go with him.
8. SLOUGH OF DESPOND; steps.
9. Pliable's shameful return to the city.
10. Help aiding the Pilgrim out.
11. Pilgrim meets Worldly-Wiseman.
12. Village of Morality.
13. Pilgrim terrified at Mt. Sinai; Hehting.
14. Evangelist again meets and reproves.
15. The light over the wicket gate; "SHIBLUX."
16. THE WICKET GATE; Knocks, etc.
17. Pilgrim gladly received at Gate.
18. Beelzebub's dark castle; arrows flying.
19. Pilgrim receiving directions as to path of life.
20. HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER; the light.
21. The first Medallion.
22. The dusty cobwebs cleansed.
23. PASSION and PATIENCE.
24. The Dwelling with Water, Christ pouring oil.
25. The valiant man; writing table.
26. Dream of the JUDGMENT.
27. Pilgrim bows down; HOUSE OF SALVATION.
28. Losing his burden at the Cross.
29. THREE SHINING ONES at the Cross.
30. Simple, Sloth and Presumption, chained.
31. Formalist and Hypocrisy tumbling over the wall.
32. Take different roads, Danger and Destruction.
33. Escape from the Castle and GIANT.
34. A DOCUMENT erected at the stile.
35. DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS; the Shepherds.
36. Mount Clear; the Gate; viewing the last scene.
37. Mr. Error; viewing men dashed in pieces below.
38. A By-Way to Hell; door in side of the hill; smoke.
39. Mr. CLEAR; a View with perspective shafts.
40. Taking leave of the shepherds, with directions.
41. Meet IGNORANCE from Country of Conceit.
42. Ignorance carried up and down.
43. The FLATTERER, a black man in a white robe.
44. Pilgrim caught in net; delivered by a shining One.
45. The Flatterer escapes, losing his white robe.
46. ATHEIST on a donkey, saying, "No mount Zion."
47. The Enchanted Ground; viewing the last scene.
48. Land of "EMMANUEL," signifying "Married."
49. The King's ORCHARDS, palaces, gates, fountains.
50. Ashes; a shining place; conversed with.
51. RIVER OF DEATH; no bridge; nature shrinks.
52. Christian begins to sink; Hopeful encourages.
53. The waters grow more and more shallow.
54. Received by angels on the opposite shore.
55. Ascent to Heaven's GATE, and crowds of angels.
56. Transfigured; they enter the CELESTIAL CITY.
57. Ignorance helped over river in VAIN-HOPE'S ferry-boat.
58. Rejected, conveyed by angels to By-way to Hell.

The whole concluding with "BEYOND THE GATE OF PEARL," at the top, showing the "MANY MANSIONS IN THE FATHER'S HOUSE," with the multitude of the saved, who like Christian, Faithful and Hopeful, have fought the good fight and finished the course.

Engraving was Sold Always at $10.

From this time out it will not be sold in art stores or anywhere else. The BLADE COMPANY OWN THE PLATE and are henceforth its publishers. It can only be procured of us, and will be furnished only on the following terms:—

The Plate of "Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress," securely packed, and the Weekly Blade, one year, will be sent to any address on receipt of $2.00.

Only on these terms can it be had. It will not be sold by art dealers. IT CAN BE HAD IN CONNECTION WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE ONLY. The plate is 27 by 19 inches in size, printed upon the heaviest and best plate paper, better in fact than when it was sold as the original prices, $10, and it is being printed by the best plate printer in the world. We warrant it to be all that is claimed for it, to the most minute particular, and know that whoever receives it will consider that we have made them a beautiful and valuable present.

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Orders for the BLADE and Engraving will be filed in the order in which they are received. The paper will be sent on receipt of the order, and the engraving as rapidly as they can be packed and addressed.

TO OUR PRESENT SUBSCRIBERS.

Those now on our books who desire the plate for Holiday presents may secure it by enclosing $2, and having their subscription to the BLADE extended one year from date of expiration. Which is to say if your present subscription expires in May, 1884, (or any other date), remit $2, and you will get the Engraving and your subscription will be extended one year from its expiration.

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"BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

L. S. L.

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50 "	500	25,000
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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

SOCIAL ETIQUET.

III.

"What a boor!" "How unladylike!" "Where were they brought up, I wonder?"

Such were the exclamations that followed the exit from a little company of familiar friends of a brother and sister, new-comers in the place, who had been cordially received thro the request of a former member of their society. The two were fine-looking, well-dressed and fairly educated, but during the evening had violated so many of the usages that good-breeding had made etiquet as to call forth the expressions which begin this chapter.

They had evidently been regarded as leaders in the little place which had been their home, and entered with a sort of half aggressive air that said as plainly as words, "We're as good as you are." As soon as introductions were over the young man threw himself down in a lounging attitude upon the sofa and stared around the room as if determined to gather in at once a consciousness of all that was contained therein. The young woman addressed the hostess in a loud voice giving a running excuse for their late arrival, that could be heard by every individual present. Being a matter of no importance to any one save themselves and their hostess, it was the height of vulgarity, to force everybody to listen. She evidently did not know that a sweet, low voice is one of woman's greatest charms, that while her words ought to be distinctly enunciated, her tones should be musically soft and clear.

Later on she was guilty of making comments upon those present in a half audible whisper to her brother, ignorant or regardless of the rule that absolutely forbids whispering in company, and also violating that canon of good taste and courtesy that renders her fellow-guests sacred from remark in the house of their entertainers. And perhaps this is as good a place as any to say that under no circumstances should one guest show a dislike to another. Even should you meet with a person whom you regard as an enemy, or one unworthy of your acquaintance, the fact that you come together as guests in the parlor of your hostess compels you to avoid all expression of feeling while there, and to treat him with a perfect courtesy from which, however, cordiality may be left out. There must be nothing in your manner which a stranger would remark, even tho you pass him without recognition on the morrow. This is in compliance with the law, that absolutely demands those who accept hospitality to do nothing which will interfere or interrupt the harmony necessary to make the entertainment pass off pleasantly. If you find it impossible to control your feelings make your *adieux* to the hostess as soon as you can do so with decency and hasten away. Where people are known to be open and avowed enemies, they should never be invited together unless each is notified of the other's probable presence, and then they can act their pleasure about declining, but the invitation accepted, they *must* meet and conduct themselves with the courtesy that strangers or acquaintances would use towards each other.

I well remember apprehensively watching the meeting of two persons hating each other venemously in the parlor of a lady who had forgotten the state of feeling existing until she had given out the invitations. Both chanced to be among the earliest arrivals. The later comer was the younger of the two whose fiery temper and absolute defiance of everything and everybody he did not like were well known. Upon entering, the first person he saw after greeting the hostess was his enemy. Not to speak would render it most unpleasant for the lady. With scarcely a perceptible hesitation, he offered his hand, which was taken, and the two entered into a quiet conversation that lasted until it could be politely terminated. Both understood that the courtesy was a compromise in deference to the hostess, and in no sense of the word a yielding of their mutual hate.

To return to the brother and sister. While conversing with a lady, the former suddenly drew forth his handkerchief and applying it to his nose, blew a bugle blast that would nearly awake the dead, then calmly returning it to its place, went on with his talking as if he had not been guilty of a most disgusting rudeness. He had not learned that such attentions to his nasal organ should be carried on in solitude, that if they became necessary, and there was no chance to step away alone, the operation should be conducted as noiselessly and in the least offensive way possible, it being always the object not to draw attention to this unpleasant duty. Remember, never blow your nose like a trumpet; never blow your nose at the table, and never blow your nose in anyone's presence if you can avoid it.

The same rule applies to sneezing, the in a lesser degree, or to hiccoughing, for either can usually be controlled by holding the breath a few seconds, keeping the mouth closed, thus suppressing the desire which will then soon pass away.

Later in the evening the young woman committed an act of rudeness which put the finishing touch to the other breaches of etiquet of which she and her brother had been guilty. A beautiful old lady, to whom all present showed deference, requested that the young girl be presented to her that she might ask of her grandmother whom she knew in their school days. Arising with an aside grimace to the gentleman with whom she was talking, the girl reluctantly walked to the side of the dear old lady, who welcomed her with some pleasant words regarding the grandmother she knew in maidenhood. It was graciously done and should have been received as a compliment. Instead of that, came the flippant reply that she did not know much about her grandmother, for she did not like old people, and then she actually *yawned!* All that had gone before was as nothing compared to this, and I believe those who witnessed the insult felt a strong desire to throw the insolent girl from the window.

Ah, how little she realized in the flush of her youth and strength that the day must, if living, surely come when the flight of years would toss the snow upon her head, dim the flashing of her eye, pale the rose upon her cheek, write lines of care upon her brow, palsy the quick step and place her at the mercy of the lusty youth around her. Just so surely as the days pass from glimmering dawn to high noontide and are lost in midnight gloom, so surely will she, if she lives, pass into the shadows of declining years dependent for her pleasures upon the affectionate good will and courtesy of those around her.

There is nothing which shows inborn and inbred courtesy so entirely as the treatment of the old by the young and middle-aged. Never in word or look show aught but tender, reverential courtesy to those whose multiplied years have given them a claim to such treatment. Never forget anywhere to pay your respects to the aged, no matter who else is overlooked. It is sad enough for them to realize that their part of the world's work is well nigh done, without being made to feel that they are laid upon the shelf and are no more than withered leaves in the sight of strong manhood and joyous young womanhood.

Oh, my young friends, be courteous to the old. Give them the place of honor always. This is etiquet, but it is more than etiquet. Nothing will more surely mark the good heart than this; nothing more surely show the true lady and gentleman.

It hardly seems necessary to say that gentlemen should not chew tobacco, or ladies, gum, in company. I have seen it done, however; seen the jaw go on grinding, hour after hour, compelling the use of the spittoon, or necessitating the spurting of the saliva into the grate, stringing it over the bars in a way that was extremely disagreeable to the lookers on. I have seen women, who called themselves ladies, obliged to go to the door to free their mouths from the excess of spittle formed by the constant chewing of a piece of gum. Either is disgusting. Leave tobacco and gum at home, and go out with clean mouth and quiet jaws.

When you are in company don't fidget. Let your handkerchief alone. Do not play with your rings. Do not twist your mustache or caress your whiskers. Sit still in your chair. Do not cross and recross your feet or fold your arms as if you were on drill in the school room. Do not sit with your feet wide apart. Take an easy, graceful position and maintain it, not without change, but making it at considerable intervals and then without haste. If you *feel* nervous study not to appear so. A fidgety, restless man or woman can never acquire that perfect ease and grace of manner which is at all times so desirable.

Gentlemen should *always* rise when ladies enter the room, and both ladies and gentlemen should do so when a very aged person comes in, or the one who is the honored guest of the evening. In the latter case they remain standing until presentations are over, when the guests are again at liberty to resume their seats and conversation. A gentleman always rises, too, when a lady is making her *adieux*, where he is calling.

A rude thing to do is to nudge or slap people to gain their attention. Women nudge; men slap. Either is exasperating to the receiver. If you cannot attract the notice of the person to whom you desire to speak by the quiet pronunciation of the name, a gentle touch is all that is necessary, and that should be upon the arm.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Since the commencement of the articles upon "Social Etiquet" I have received letters asking about some points in the minutia of "Table Etiquet" which had not been touched upon. I shall reply to those questions and any others that may be sent at the conclusion of the regular series. Let there be no hesitation on the part of the members of the HOUSEHOLD in asking about anything upon which they desire information. E. S. B.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

To Preserve Autumn Leaves.—Several letters have been received asking the best way to preserve Autumn leaves. Many different methods have been given, but consultation with a florist who has had much experience, gives the following: Place the leaves between blotting paper and press them between weights. Change the paper often until they are thoroly dry. They will then look very dull, almost brown, so the next thing is to bring out the colors. This is done best by oiling them. The next best way is to varnish them with a thin, white varnish. Either of these methods will preserve them well. They are not made in wreaths now as much as gathered in clusters upon the wall or placed over a picture. But they are always pretty.

Hints.—If there is a bad spot in the wall get a handful of peacock feathers and tie them together with some bright colored ribbon, then tack them over the unsightly place.

Pretty curtains for a bedroom may be made of two lengths of white embroidered muslin which laundries better than the plain, with a broad hem on the side which is drawn back. A neat heading is a piece of the same hemmed on both edges then gathered in two places so that there shall be a puff in the center and a ruffle on each edge.

Crazy quilts are made now with the center block of a solid color and plain material with the initial or monogram of the owner embroidered or etched thereon.

A pretty and pleasant thing to do for your gentleman friends is to embroider his initial or monogram handsomely upon a band of firm black satin or silk to be sewed inside of the neck just below the collar. This is a later style than embroidering the inside hatband. —ED.

All who want to make home pretty or give presents of their own manufacture, should send for the pamphlet on "Fancy Work and House Decoration," described elsewhere.—ED.

Jewel Case.—A very pretty and inexpensive jewel case can be made by lining a common wooden collar box with some pretty colored silk, satin or merino. Sew four pieces of pasteboard—about one inch wide—together (box form,) the size of your collar box. Line it on the bottom with cambric, fill with cotton, then cover it with your silk or satin; sew neatly on underside of cushion; line the sides of the box with the same kind; slip in your cushion, line cover to match and the inside is done. Now prepare a solution of gum-arabic and soft water; to a small bottle of this add 2 drops of glycerine, no more as too much prevents the cement from hardening; have ready a solution of spirits of wine (alcohol will do) and red sealing wax (use your own judgment as to proportions) and some rice; wet the box with the cement; place the rice in some pretty form; when sufficiently dry paint the rice with the solution of wine and wax, which, by the way should be melted in the bottle before the fire, taking care not to get it too near the flame, leaving the bottle uncorked; when completed set away carefully to dry, and you have a pretty, inexpensive, home-made Christmas present.

Harness for the Little Ones.—One who wishes to please the little ones, can do so by making a "harness" which will please as much, if not more, than any other thing you could make for them, especially if the "name" is on the harness. Of bright red yarn cast on stitches sufficient to make a strip about 2 inches wide. I can't tell just how many as it depends on the size of yarn; knit back and forth till you have a piece about 1½ yards long; cast off and knit a second piece just like the first; turn one end of each piece back and sew fast to form a loop for each arm; now knit another piece the same width but just long enough to reach from arm to arm in front; sew either end of this to arm loops, be sure and sew firmly; corn-stitch or chain-stitch the name of a favorite horse, or the name of the child on the cross piece in black or some other contrasting color. Now the "harness" is done, but the addition of a couple or several little bells makes it worth a million more to the owner; these are to be fastened on the cross-piece.

An older kind could be made of strips of cloth stitched on a machine with a little vine cross-stitched on the lines and the name on cross-piece in some contrasting color.

Now, if some one will us directions for knitting a ball cover (to be filled with cotton or some other soft material so as not to break anything when accidentally tossed in the house) we will have a nice set to give them for a Christmas present. Children as well as grown people love the "beautiful," and who is there that don't care to brighten a poor little boy or girl's Christmas day. Aye, and not only will it brighten that day, and them, but till the article is lost or worn out, and it will make you feel happier for having made them so. I will tell how to make large paper dolls for the little girls if any one cares to know. I use the heads that are found on advertising cards for doll heads. I gave a couple of neighbor girls each a pair of dolls, they thought them so nice they took them to the fair. I can also send correct directions for double cross-lea insertion, and a counterpane pattern. If strips of each kind are knit and sewed together, they make a lovely tidy.—ROTHA.

Tidy.—A cheap, wearable tidy for every day use can be made of checked toweling. Fringe the ends and put some simple design with the outline stitch in the center. (A stork with the accompanying reeds is very pretty.) Work a border if you like. This worked with red cotton floss may be washed and boiled without injury. Inexpensive splashers and mats can be made of white oil cloth. Buttonhole stitch the edge with zephyr and into this may be crocheted a border. This looks neat and will be found serviceable.—ANNA.

Lace Collar.—Cast on 38 stitches of No. 70 cotton thread. First row—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1. Second row—Seam back every time. Third row—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 1. Fifth row—k 1—n—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—twice—k 2—o—k 5—o—n—o—k 1. Seventh row—k 6—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. Ninth row—k 5—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n. Eleventh row—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 1—n—twice—k 2—o—n—k 1. Twelfth row—Seam back and begin at first row.

This is a lovely collar pattern, and is not very difficult, although one has to knit quite a piece before they can remember just how, but don't give up; you will be well paid for your trouble. If you wish a band to turn in and baste in the neck of your dress, after having knit a piece of the required length (about 40 patterns, not rows) take up all the stitches of the upper edge, after which k 6—k 6—n, etc., till all are knit. Knit 12 or 14 rows back and forth, the last row k 6—make one—k 6—make one, etc., make one by picking up a loop and knitting it as you go. The "make" one is to prevent its drawing when cast off, which you do the next row by simply slip and binding. If you prefer a little ruffle instead of the band you can knit some nice little edge, and after having picked up all the stitches and knit and narrowed as I directed you in making the band, instead of knitting back bind off; this leaves the collar full enough to set nicely; sew the edge you have knit for the ruffle on as full as you wish it to be. The ruffle at the top is much prettier for children than the band. After one learns how to knit this collar they can add stitches and knit one as wide as they wish. When ready to iron lay on a piece of white flannel in a circling form and iron on wrong side.

I will give directions for knitting the narrow lace that I use for the ruffle on the collar, which are as follows:

Wheat-Ear Lace—Cast on five stitches, same number thread as collar. First row—k 2—o—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog. Second row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 2. Third row—k 3—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog. Fourth row—o 2 p 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 3. Fifth row—k 4—o—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog. Sixth row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—p 1—k 4. Seventh row—k 6—o 2—p 2 tog. Eighth row—o 2—p 5 tog—k 3. Repeat.

T to means throw thread over, p means purl or seam, t o means thread over, same as t t o. Over in lace collar means thread forward, is all; n, narrow.—ROTHA.

"Rotha" asks us to give one line to each row as she wrote it. We should be most happy to oblige her if it would not take up so much room, which we are not able to spare. We regret the more to refuse her as her copy is all so good in matter and so well prepared.—ED.

Correspondence.

SEVERAL THINGS.—In the BLADE of October 25, Miss Emily S. Bouton has an article on "Table Etiquet," which is valuable and instructive. I would like a little information, however, in regard to one of the laws regulating such matters, viz: that pie must be eaten with the fork. Now I am continually going from place to place, and very often am introduced to pie with a cast more like a shovel than anything supposed to be edible. Is the above law like those of the Medes and Persians, fixed and unalterable under all circumstances, or can it be changed to suit surroundings when its enforcement would be a task without pleasure?

I am not at all shocked at the admiration expressed by "Vic" for Ingersoll! I am a member of an orthodox church, and believe in a place of future punishment, and thus far we disagree, as well as in all other of his infidelic principles, but his ideas and principles of morals, humanity and justice are many of them grand, high, noble and exalting. They reach as high as heaven itself. They are the underlying principles of Christianity. It was said a few years ago that one of our great musical Sunday School men was "Singing for Jesus and a hundred dollars a night," and I say that I can hear of Ingersoll that he is "Preaching Infidelity and four hundred dollars a night," with equal truth.

Please say to "Annie of Tharaw," that "Pansy" bought her materials for calsoming already mixed for use. A package of five pounds, costing 15 cents, will cover walls and ceilings of a room 13x15 two coats, and will not rub off, but can be washed off with water very easily. It needs to be mixed and applied hot.

I am sorry "Going" has had experiences which lead to a disbelief in love, for there most certainly is love in the minds of almost all who marry, or contemplate marriage. It is the quality, kind, and purity, which determine the happiness or unhappiness of married life. Some love money, some social distinction, some political influence, elegance of manner, artistic tastes, a fine house, richly adorned, etc., *ad infinitum*, and make choice of whomsoever can bring to them what they love most, without regard to the qualifications and adaptability of each for the other. If true happiness follows, it is only because it happens to be their lot to fall in the way of good fortune. "Black-Eyed Bess" advice is good, viz: to "strive to command the respect of all men," but girls, you can do this most fully by giving the richest and purest of all that is womanly into the keeping of one true man, not as a servant, not as a slave, but as his equal, his helper in the grand struggle of life.

Just as many men's lives are wrecked by fault-finding, cross, selfish, frivolous, untrue wives, as there are of women who are made unutterably miserable by brutish, hard hearted husbands. Both exist, and both are to be avoided. Never expect perfection, but be willing to overlook each other's shortcomings; be unselfish and there is no danger.—VIDI.

If affirming that the law of table etiquet that pie must be eaten with a knife is as unchangeable as those of the Medes and Persians will save "Vidi's" stomach, or that of any other human being, from being introduced to such pie as he describes, then I emphatically affirm it. He has no business to touch pie that cannot be cut with a fork for his digestion's sake. E. S. B.

TWO OR THREE THINGS.—"Mrs. D. E. B.," of Alcyone, Kansas, asks how to mend a leaky boiler. I will tell her how my father used to mend our's when the alkali water eat tiny holes through the sides and bottom every wash day. He would enlarge the hole with an awl or fork tine, then take a shot and pound it out into a square shape, whittle it so it would go into the hole, then put a hammer or something else on one side and rivet it down on the other side. When we discarded that old tin boiler for a new copper one, there were over three hundred lead rivets in its sides and bottom.

I am much pleased with the articles on "Table Etiquet," for you talk so plain, and you make everything appear so nice and proper, on the one hand, while that which you condemn you make appear so ridiculous; for instance, you say, "Never scrub your face with the napkin." I think no one who has read that will ever use a napkin for that purpose but what will think of that word "scrub."

I was reading the second article to one of our neighbors, who is a member of the great army known as the "Tin Pail Brigade." Said he: "That's all very well, Little One, (my nickname) for folks who have nothing else to do but to put on style, and keep a servant. They can take the time to sip their coffee out of their spoon, and eat with a fork, but how is it with a working man, who has to eat his breakfast in a hurry, grab his dinner bucket, give the wife and little ones a hurried kiss, and skip for a street car, which, if he misses, will make him late to work. You just tell that lady to write an article for the benefit of the members of the "Bucket Brigade," who have to get in their 10 hours' solid work every day, and have no time to put on style."

I told him I would write what he said and give him a show.—LITTLE ONE, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Little One" may tell her friend that the articles upon "Table Etiquet" *are* written for the "Bucket Brigade," if so he chooses to call the great army of working people who are the bone and sinew of our country. Let him get up a half-hour earlier in the morning and eat his breakfast with his family like a gentleman, as he and every laborer can be, no matter what his employment. Regard for his health should prevent his bolting his food and his drink, and, taking a decent length of time, it will be just as easy to eat in a refined way as to imitate the tenants of the pig-pen.

"Little One," do not let your friend excuse himself for carelessness in regard to these little matters that go so far towards making daily life refined and pleasant by the plea that he hasn't time to attend to them. Some of the busiest people that I know are the most courteous and observant with regard to these little things. Some of them belong to the "bucket brigade," too. No, no, every man has time to be a gentleman; every woman has leisure to be a lady. That does not involve "putting on style" but simply cultivating refined habits until they become second nature.—E. S. B.

DAKOTA LETTER.—Many of you have written me since my reply to "Widow," asking me questions which I will, the editor permitting, try to answer. Postville is the name of the postoffice, Lawrence is the County, and the valley is one-half to one mile wide. No timber in the Valley. Milions of acres on the hills, that is why they are called "Black Hills." Soil, black loam of iron or gypsum; water good. Four creeks from Rapid City to this place, which is 14 miles. This is Spring Valley; 14 miles from this place to Sturgis City; five creeks to cross; no malaria; no need of any doctors. Grist mill at Rapid, one at Sturgis; one saw-mill here.

Timber is pine, oak, box elder, birch, cotton and iron wood. Grasses are buffalo, also slough grass along the streams. Fruits, plums, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, large black currants, buffalo berries, cherries and musk tomatos. In the line of game there is ducks, geese, bear, elk, antelope, deer, beaver, otter, mountain sheep, lions, wolves, foxes, and plenty of fish.

We raised on sod, corn, wheat, oats, barley, millet, sugar cane from which we made syrup, all kinds of vegetables, tomatos, etc. Apple trees can be got here at a nursery for 25 cents apiece, two years grafts. Strawberries can be got cheaply. This timber is free to you all, for any and every purpose. Fort Pierre is our nearest railroad point, 180 miles distant. Sidney, Neb., 200 miles on the south. Coaches from both points pass here daily.

One says, tell us the bad as well as the good. I would say I know of no bad. We have a mild climate, protected by the great "hills" on both sides; some stone, but only on the surface. Plenty of water. Do not irrigate. We have schools and Sunday schools. Summers are very hot. Winters much milder than New York State, where we came from. Have lived here three years. We are not rich, but we are willing to help others on the way to riches, as we are doing well here, and expect to get quite wealthy some day. When one gets here they are so charmed with the lovely scenery and pure atmosphere that they do not wish to go away. It reminds me of our editor's description of Colorado.

Let me say to all, come here, for there is plenty of land free for you, and do not stay in the city, with no money for the rainy days when they come. Provisions are cheap, considering how new the country is: Sugar, 0@10 cents; bacon, 10 cents; sugar, 10 pounds for $1; flour, $4 per cwt; potatos, 1 cent per pound; beets, 2 cents per pound; cabbage, 3 cents per pound; onions, 2 cents per pound.

All we need is a railroad. Freight is brought in on wagons at 2@3 cents per pound.—ETTA LAND WHITTAKER, Postville, Dakota.

Inquiries.

I see that the BLADE offers an engraving and a year's subscription for $2. I must have the paper but I *can* do without the engraving unless it is something really worth having. Is it a picture suitable for hanging in the parlor, to be a continual source of pleasure to my family?—E. W. A., Madison, Wis.

The engraving is *all* that is claimed for it, a grand work of art, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. You will never regret spending a dollar for what has always been sold for 10 times the amount, and is well worth that sum. The pleasure the picture will give can never wear out, for each look will discover something new, something unseen before. We wish that every member of the HOUSEHOLD could possess this splendid creation of genius. It is a rare chance that is offered, and we earnestly advise you to take early advantage of it.—ED.

Will some one please tell me how to make a cheap, pretty frame for small pictures?—BEATRICE.

Can any one tell what will take paint off red cashmere without injuring the color?—A. S. K.

Will you please inform a friend how to gloss shirt bosoms? Also how to make an air castle out of card board?—MOLLIE S.

Will some one tell me how printing on cloth or velvet is done? Whether the paints are applied to the cloth with a brush, or whether the pattern is transferred?—MRS. D. M. H.

Will some one tell me where I can get honeycomb canvas for making tidies?—LITTLE CHIPPEWA.

At any store where they keep materials for fancy work.—ED.

Will some one of the HOUSEHOLD give me the directions to make lace on a round pillow, and where I can get the pattern and bobbin?—C. A. EVANS.

Can some one inform me where I can get the words and music to the following: "Footsteps on the Stairs," "'Dem Golden Slippers," and "In the Morning by the Bright Light." Also, will some one name and tell me where I can obtain a pretty waltz for the organ?—RELYTARE.

Write to some dealer in music and ask him to get them for you. There are such dealers in all large Cities, as you will find by looking over the advertising columns. —ED.

Will "Click" please give her tidy patterns in the HOUSEHOLD?—RELYTARE.

Will some reader please tell of some good and harmless recipe for removing small red pimples from the face, and also tell how to apply it to the face? Please be sure to give some remedy, as they are a source of great annoyance to the writer.—E. T. DEMOTT.

If our correspondent had read "Health and Beauty," she would have learned what to do. Get her digestion in good order, keep the skin active, avoid eating too much grease, and then apply camphor to the spots. If she will do these things, unless they are caused by inherited disease they will soon go away.—ED.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE kindly inform me as to the adaptability of Southern Missouri to stock grazing, also as to price of lands, and the water supply?—M. H. WILLIAMS, Ottumwa, Ia.

Will "Subscriber" inform me what chart he or she uses, and where to purchase, stating price?—S. S. PARKER.

Will some of the members of the HOUSEHOLD give directions for pointed lambrequin, crocheted of seine-twine?—F. B. C.

If any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD knows of a girl, 10 or 12 years old, who wants a good home, they will do a favor by addressing MRS. L. C. VENRICK, Rennsalaer, Jasper County, Ind.

Are there any readers of the BLADE who are residents of Hand County, Dakota? Husband has located some land there, and will move there with his family next Spring. His land is on Section 24.—PEGGY DORA.

Will the sister who has directions for knitting doll send them to the HOUSEHOLD? —SUN FLOWER.

Is it proper for a lady to write her signature and then prefix Mrs. or Miss? It does not look well for gentlemen, and they never do prefix Mr. to their own signatures.—MRS. E. T.

Certainly it is proper to do so, as the lady may be either Mrs. or Miss, while a gentleman, whether married or unmarried, is always Mr. Whether you shall do so or not depends upon your own taste in the matter.—ED.

Where can I get a good manual on silk culture?—S. C. W., Otsego. N. Y.

Write to Miss Nellie Lincoln Rossiter, 61st and Vine streets, Philadelphia, Pa. Hers is one of the best done up in small compass.—ED.

When a person is serenaded how, and in what manner should they respond? Provided a family is serenaded at midnight is a response of any kind required?—SUBSCRIBER.

That depends entirely upon circumstances If there is a gentleman in the house, and you desire to do so, you can invite the serenaders in and offer them some refreshments. This is not at all necessary, however, but it is polite to light the house as a response no matter what the time.—ED.

Can any one give directions for making "cally mats?" I have long wished to learn. Will "Mrs. Carmeay" please tell us how to manage the stems in wax fruits?—ROTHA.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one asked, lately, what the remedy was for catarrh that was to be taken by inhalation. It was turpentine, as strong as possible. My husband, who has consumption, tried it, as it was recommended for that as well as catarrh. Its effect, as far as clearing the air passages was concerned, was good; but it made him very wakeful. He might feel ever so sleepy before using it but as soon as he took it he would be wide awake, and would lie awake until late in the night, or early morning. I write this thinking it may be of use to some one. He slept good as soon as he discontinued its use. It is excellent to break up a cold in the head.—ALWAYS BUSY.

I would say to "Faith" that I have known the oil obtained from the buzzard to be used very effectively in rheumatism. Apply but very little at once.—ALAMO.

Having seen a request for a way to get rid of lice on birds I will give a sure cure: Get a new cage and put the birds in, then set the old cage on the hot stove or dip in boiling water; the next day change the birds again to the old cage, and dip or heat the new cage, and in about a week, if changed every day, you will have no lice about your birds or cage.—MRS. B. E. S.

I think if "June" were here in Kansas she could get plenty of dressmaking to do, if she can cut and fit nicely. She need never have an idle hour.

"To "Mrs. M. E. B.": Make a solution of 1 lb. sal soda, ½ lb. rock lime, boil in 5 qts. of soft water, let settle, and jug. Soap clothes and soak over night. Select the finest, and put one cup of the above solution in your boiler, with enough water to cover the clothes, put in your dirty clothes and boil one half hour, then suds, rinse and blue for the next boilerful; take out some of the dirty suds, put in fresh water and one-half cup of solution, and proceed as before. I have never washed the colored clothes in this manner but know those who have. You will think your clothes are ruined until you rub them through the suds. If you use hard water you will have to "break" it previously, which I do by filling a barrel with water, and pouring in a pan of fresh ashes over night. It is the easiest way to "break" water.—BITTER SWEET.

Wormwood, steeped in vinegar and gargled every half hour after getting cool, is a sure cure for sore throat. This is all the remedy my mother ever used in cases of sore throat and diftheria in a family of 10 children —F. B. C., Farmington, Ct.

To "Ettie Dumbee, Bristol Vt., who wants a cure for asthma, I will send her one that I know will cure all throat or lung diseases. Take equal parts of sulphur and medical cream tartar, mix with molasses (sorgum or melted sugar) to make a thick syrup, and take a teaspoonful three times a day before eating. Try it and report through the HOUSEHOLD.—MRS. J. B. HARLAN, Selma, Van Buren County, Ia.

"Luella M.," try prepared benzine to take tar out of your silk dress. "Mrs. D.," the extra half cupful of butter makes the cake so much better and richer. In my next I will send a recipe for pound cake; also one for Queen's cake.—WIDOW BEDOTT, Nettleton, Mo.

For "M. C. W:" To remove moles, seat the patient in a clear, strong sunlight. With a sun-glass costing from $2.50 to $5 bring the concentrated rays of the sun to bear on the excrescence five or ten minutes. In three or four weeks the mole will scab off and a new skin come on. If the mole should not be entirely removed by the first application, repeat. No scar will be left. This is vouched for by a physician who has tried it repeatedly.—J. W. SHAW.

Recipes.

To Keep Fruit Butters.—Cut a paper the size of the jar the butter is in, (I use coarse, brown wrapping paper), lay in on top of the butter, and the mould that forms will be on the paper and will not taint the butter. Try, and report.—MINOR KEY.

Ladies' Cabbage.—Boil a firm, white head 15 minutes, changing the water then for more from the boiling teakettle. When tender, drain and set aside until perfectly cold. Chop fine and add two beaten eggs, 1 tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt, and three tablespoonfuls of rich milk and cream. Stir well together and bake in a buttered dish until brown.—ALAMO.

Beef Tea.—1 pound of lean beef from the round; cut into pieces about an inch long; add 1 pint cold water and let stand 2 hours; then boil 20 minutes in a new tin dish. Do not skim, but pour the liquid from the meat; season to the taste with salt and pepper. It is more beneficial in its results if a small portion is heated each time the patient drinks of it, giving about two tablespoonfuls every hour or two.—A. H.

Sugar Candy.—Three large cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful vinegar, fill the cup with water; mix these together and boil without stirring for half an hour, or until it is done; this can be known by trying a few drops in cold water. When done add a teaspoonful of butter and a small pinch of soda. It may be pulled white with the tips of your fingers. Lemon juice may be used in place of the vinegar and you have then a fine lemon candy; or any other flavoring may be used.—NOVEMBER.

French Candy.—Confectioner's sugar must be used. Boil and sift this: place the whites of 3 eggs in a tumbler and mark with the thumb the amounts; pour this into a dish and add the same measure of cold water and scant tablespoonful of vanilla; stir these well together and have ready about 2 lbs of the sugar; add this slowly, stirring all well together with a silver spoon. It sometimes takes a little more or less sugar, according to the size of eggs. Prepare ½ lb. of English walnuts carefully shelled; ½ lb. of almonds shelled, take part of the mixture or dough on the breadboard and knead a little sugar with it, then roll out about half an inch thick; cut off small pieces and roll with the hands oblong balls; place halves of the prepared nuts on each side and set to dry. Roll the almond in pieces of the dough and then in granulated sugar and set aside to dry. I have only given a few varieties, but I can tell how to prepare cocoanut and chocolate, dates and other fruits. I will send them if requested. —SUN FLOWER, Toledo.

The HOUSEHOLD would be glad to have them.—ED.

Apple Pickles.—Pare the apples—medium sized sweet ones—leave them whole or cut into halves, as preferred. If whole do not remove the cores. Take vinegar to cover, and to each cupful of vinegar take 2 cupfuls brown sugar, and cloves and cinnamon to taste. If ground spice is used, tie in a cloth; if whole, stick 1 clove in each. Cook until tender; lay in a jar and cover with the vinegar in which they were cooked. If you think it will not cover them, add more vinegar and sugar in the proportion given above, bring to boiling point and turn over apples. Invert a plate over them to keep them under vinegar, and lay a cloth over jar. Set in a cool place; but if they should happen to "work" drain off the vinegar, heat it over and pour over the apples again. Do not cook them long enough to be "mussy." They are done enough when a broom splint will run through them.

Mrs. LEWIS MARKEY.

To Color Seal Brown.—1 lb. catechu, 2 ozs. alumn; soak catechu over night; add enough water for dye; bring to boiling heat; add alum; put in goods (wet) and turn for an hour or so; make a new dye of bicromate of potash (4 ozs.) with water sufficient to cover goods, and turn an hour. Soft water is best. I cut this from the BLADE long ago, and have used it several times and found it good.—CONSTANT READER.

To Cook Potatos.—A favorite way to cook potatos now is to boil them in their jackets until they are tender, and then dry them off in a hot oven. Sweet potatos are excellent, also, cooked in this way. Of course, care must be taken to remove the potatos from the boiling water as soon as they are tender. There is no vegetable that gains more by being prepared with due attention than the potato, and the difference between a soggy, water-soaked potato and one that is properly cooked is greater than many women seem to know.

BEST BAKING POWDER.

Interesting Tests by the Government Chemist.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of the Baking Powders.	Strength Cubic Inches Gas per each ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127 4
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	123 9*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122 5*
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old	32 7*
"Hanford's None Such," fresh	127 6
"Hanford's None Such," old	84 35
"Redhead's"	117 0
"Charm" (alum powder)	116 9*
"Amazon" (alum Powder)	111 9*
"Cleveland's" (short weight 3½ oz)	110 8
"Sea Foam"	109 7
"Czar"	106 8
"Dr. Price's"	102 6
"Snow Flake" (Groff's, St. Paul)	101 88
"Lewis's" Condensed	98 2
"Congress" yeast	97 5
"C. E. Andrews & Co's" (contains alum)	78 17*
"Hecker's"	92 5
"Gillets"	84 2
"Bulk"	80 5

*In his report, the Government Chemist says:

"I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate the gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal brand.

What Became of the Confederate Officers.

Syracuse Journal.

A recent census of Southern editors shows two Captains, 17 Majors, seven Generals and 1,826 Colonels. There are no privates and no officers below the rank of Captain.

Our Young Folks

BEATRICE.

Slender Beatrice wandered down
The still wood-path in the morning early,
O'er last year's leaves that were dry and brown,
And grass that glittered with dewdrops pearly.

From his bough so high looked the squirrel small,
Beckoned his mate to come and behold her,
Ran out above her with chittering call,
And dropped a nut on her pretty shoulder.

Light she stepped, but the little thrush,
Hid in the dusk of the branches, heard her,
Flitted about her and broke the hush
With a sudden joyous song that stirred her.

The low sun sent her a long bright ray,
And flickering golden fans above her,
Sailed the butterfly swift and gay,
Fluttering close, like an airy lovery.

The grasshopper skipped and stood on a stone,
Watching as she passed by sedately;
The tree-toad uttered a musical tone,
She was so fair and sweet and stately.

And when she passed where the water brimmed,
The gay green fogs sang loud and louder,
And the dragon fly o'er the surface skimmed
And grew of his splendid armor prouder.

But the wandering south wind, soft and warm,
Touched her beautiful brow and kissed her,
And the lilies looked up at her gentle form
And flower-pure face, and they whispered, "Sister."

—*Wide Awake.*

For the Blade

TAD'S VISIT TO THE QUANGLE WANGLE.

BY E. G.

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat;
But his face you could not see
On account of his beaver hat:
For his hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells and buttons, and hoops and lace,
So that nobody could ever see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

This is what sailor Ben sang to Tad Heber, a brown-eyed 6-year-old, who was trying to help mend the net, and begging for songs and stories.

Old ocean was calm, the afternoon was warm, mamma Heber, with the other ladies at the hotel, was fast asleep.

Tad forgot that he wanted to keep his pretty white linen suit nice until papa came on the 4 o'clock train from the City.

Tad played in the shining sand, tumbled his yellow curls, then lay down on the beach to listen to Ben's song of the Quangle Wangle's Hat.

"Was there ever such a Hat, Ben?" eagerly inquired Tad.

"I dunno. The song says so," and he droned on, in a low voice:

The Quangle Wangle Wangle said
To himself, on the Crumpetty Tree:
"Jam and jelly and bread
Are the best food for me:
But the longer I live in this Crumpetty tree,
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way,
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"

"Jam and jelly and bread ought to be company for the Quangle Wangle. I know it would be for me," said Tad, drowsily. "Well, the next verse will tell about his visitors."

But there came to the Crumpetty tree
Mr. and Mrs.

LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever.

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

R. FITZPATRICK.

Dublin, June 6, '81.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick headache, Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for 20 years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians "Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him, and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

in my neighborhood that have been saved by your Bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how* to get *well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of humor from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, so that weakness is changed to health.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box or either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3ct. stamp. Send for pamphlet.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

For sold by all Druggists. (1)

They contain no opium, quinine or other harmful drug, and are highly recommended.

SAMARITAN NERVINE
NEVER FAILS.
THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR.
A SPECIFIC FOR
EPILEPSY, SPASMS, CONVULSIONS, FALLING SICKNESS, ST. VITUS DANCE, ALCHOHOLISM, OPIUM EATING, SYPHILLIS, SCROFULA, KINGS EVIL, UGLY BLOOD DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS WEAKNESS, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, BRAIN WORRY, BLOOD SORES, BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES AND IRREGULARITIES.
$1.50 per bottle.
For testimonials and circulars send stamp.
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props.,
St. Joseph, Mo. (1)
Correspondence freely answered by Physicians.
Sold by all Druggists.

"I would not be without them if they cost $1 a pill. They cured me of neuralgia of 9 years standing." Joseph Snyder, Paxtons, Pa., Jan. 30, 1883.

DREW BERRYMAN'S CELERY & CHAMOMILE PILLS
PREPARED FROM CELERY, CHAMOMILE AND WILD ROSE
WILL CURE HEADACHE NEURALGIA NERVOUSNESS AND DYSPEPSIA.
Dr. Drew Berryman
SEE SIGNATURE ON EVERY BOX.

AYER'S
Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS FOR Horses Lost By Officers and Soldiers while in service, collected under recent act of Congress by applying immediately Apply to T. W. TALLMADGE, attorney, Washington, D. C. Has had 28 years experience and is recommended as reliable by Wm. Lawrence, 1st Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury. Also Prosecutes Pension Claims.

SOLDIERS' CLAIMS.
Every Soldier disabled in service and in line of duty, by wound, injury or disease, is entitled to pension. Widows, minor Children, Dependent Father or Mother, or minor brothers or sisters of soldiers, whose death was due to mill as service, are entitled. Thousands of Pensioners Entitled to Increase. Honorable Discharges, and Certificates of Lost Discharges, obtained. Charge of desertion removed. Horse claims payable to January, 1884. Bounty still due in many cases. Send 6c. in postage for New Laws, Rulings and Decisions. H. B. BARNES & CO., 7th Eleventh St., Washington, D.C.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Plowing and Sowing.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In answer to "Plow Boy," my experience in plowing for any kind of small grain is to plow as long as you can before you sow. I have farmed all my life and I am sure that it brings the best wheat in Northwestern Ohio to have your ground plowed a long time before you sow wheat. I have tried it time and again, and the ground that was plowed three or four weeks before sowing always has done the best. Let the sun burn the ground, as it will be all the better. The ground must settle before sowing.—AN OLD PIONEER FARMER, Wisherman, O.

Information Wanted.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE tell me how to cure the bone spavin and remove the enlargement, if possible, without the loss of instruments? Also how to start an Osage hedge, beginning with the apple—the proper mode of cultivating and training.—CHAS. A. RATLIFF.

I would like to have Arthur Taylor's address—would like to get evergreen millet seed.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, Box 229, Fort Scott, Kan.

In the BLADE of the 25th inst I saw mentioned the "Evergreen Millet." Now, you will do me a great favor by giving me the address of the writer on this subject, or information as to where I can get the seed and what quantity is sown to the acre. By enlightening me you will at the same time assist a goodly number of us in this section. I have an old meadow, which I cannot afford to break up this Fall unless I can get a crop of something to feed cattle and horses besides green fodder.—UBSCRIBER.

A Word for Buckwheat.

A recent article in an agricultural paper against the cultivation of this grain, calls for a reply. Although we can't sow buckwheat in the month of the year, we can point out its good qualities and remember them until sowing time comes again.

Even in your rich, heavy soils, where buckwheat and beans are only held in derision, and referred to as the mainstay of the farmer on light, sandy soils, yet can afford to relax your agricultural dignity sufficient to sow a small patch of buckwheat. And, in fact, you can't afford to do otherwise. What farmer is there that has not some rough, ragged piece of ground, which needs the mellowing, pulverizing effect caused by cropping with buckwheat? Or he may have a spot of land hardly dry enough to sow in season for other kinds of grain, but which by June or July will be in good condition for this crop. Sowing it at this time does not interfere with other and perhaps more important work. It can also be harvested after the pressure of other work is over, consequently this crop is a very cheap and convenient one to handle. It very often yields 30 bushels to the acre, which is no grain return, even from good land, considering the small expense of seeding and harvesting. No farmer should be without a few bushels of this grain, as a small amount fed occasionally is good for all kinds of stock.

For fowls it is an excellent feed, ranking next to corn or wheat, in my experience. Ground with oats and corn it forms a most wholesome diet for horses, cattle and hogs. Those who have been accustomed to the good old plan of having hot buckwheat cakes for breakfast, will also join with me in my plea for a small patch of this most excellent though much-abused grain.

Buckwheat has gained a bad name through the slackness of a large class of farmers who never get their ground sown in season, and who, as a last resort, sow buckwheat instead of the other grains, which should have been sown some weeks before. Good farmers thus get an idea that buckwheat and bad farming are inseparable and charge to the buckwheat what they should justly charge to the shiftless management of the farmer.

It is often the case that a portion of a corn field is ruined by a late freshet, and in many cases this land is allowed to lie idle the remainder of the season when it might be made to yield a profitable income by sowing buckwheat. The benefit to the land would repay the farmer for the labor expended. It is a great injury to land to lie and bake all through the long hot Summer months, nothing but weeds of the weeds thus propagated. Land may be rested by fallowing and constant stirring, as it is then staring up food gathered from the atmosphere, without giving out any of the same in the way of either grain or seeds.

Buckwheat, like clover, draws much of its nourishment from the atmosphere. For this reason it makes a most excellent crop to plow under when green. Its coarse stocky growth gives it a mechanical value for this purpose even superior to clover, making the soil lie up light and loose, so that it is more readily pulverized by the action of frost, air and water.

The hot, dry weather of August will sometimes blight and ruin a piece of buckwheat just as it is nicely filling out. When you see this is ruined for harvesting, just put the plow into the field and turn it under. You will surely get the full value of the crop in this way, though it may be a disappointment to get no grain for home use.

Those who keep bees will find an additional argument for raising buckwheat, as it yields a great quantity of honey, altho slightly dark, is rich and not so agreeable a flavor as that made from white clover. The land intended for buckwheat should receive a good harrowing both ways before sowing. A slight harrowing afterward is sufficient, as the grain should not be covered deeply. Three pecks to the acre is about the right amount for seeding.—*W. D. Boynton, in Ohio Farmer.*

Doubling Up Swarms.

Mrs. E. H. Mason, of Vincennes, Ind., tells in the *Bee Journal* how she winters swarms which are too weak or small to be profitably kept single: "Take a canvas or honey cloth a little larger than will cover the frames; cut out a piece in the center four or five inches square, take a piece of wire net, place it over the opening and wax it down good and strong around the edges, then cut another opening in the side of the honey cloth an inch square; lay over that a strip of cane, long enough and long enough to hang on the outside of and between the hive and top box; wax that slightly over the inch opening, yet so that it can be readily drawn off; take your new cloth and go to the hive that you wish to give the swarm to, lift out a frame of brood with eggs and larva, brush the adhering bees back into the hive, spread on your prepared cloth, lay on the cushion and cover up till need, then take an open box or hive, that will fit snugly in your prepared hive; hang it in your frame of brood, carry it to the hive you wish to break up, lift that to one side, or a few feet away, set your box on the same honey board, and cover it with a thick cloth; lift out a frame of bees and roll in the clean brood, then on your prepared cloth, lay on the cushion and cover up till need, then take an open box or hive, that will fit snugly in your prepared hive; hang it in your frame of brood, carry it to the hive you wish to break up, lift that to one side, or a few feet away, set your box on the same honey board, and cover it with a thick cloth; lift out a frame of bees and roll in the clean brood, then on your prepared cloth, lay on the cushion and cover up quickly to keep out robbers. The rest of the frames may be brushed off in front on the alighting board, leading to the entrance, which must be constructed to keep strangers from running in. Always have your honey box close to you so as to hang the honey frames in, and cover the canvas down closely as fast as you hang the frames in, that the odor may not escape an attract robbers. Pick up the old hive and jar or brush the adhering bees in front of the box, and carry the old hive quickly away—put away the honey box, sprinkle a few tansy leaves in front of the box, and set up a shingle in front and leave them until in the cool of the evening, then take the top and cushion off the bee hive, lift your box of bees as gently as possible from the honey board, and carry them steadily to their hive and set them close down to the body cloth. If the hives do not fit closely, wind a strip of cloth two or three times around the crevice, or cork it up. Let them stand that way for two or three days, so that they will forget the old stand, then slide out the strip of cloth from the inch opening, in the dusk of the evening, and leave the bees to mix themselves. At any time after a day or so, lift off the box, take out the frame of adhering bees and set it back into the hive where it belongs; spread on a tight honey cloth and cushion, and cover up for Winter. Shake the rest of the bees that adhere to the box in front of the hive. Those who will try this method will find their colonies doubled up 'just too lovely for anything.' I have not told you how I catch and cage the queen, for I never double up a swarm that has a queen."

Selecting a Horse.

This is a most difficult matter with many people. Many a millionaire in our Cities, knowing nothing of "horse flesh" or "points," is swindled by those employed to make purchases. On this subject the *Turf, Field and Farm*, than which there is no better authority in this country, says:

"In buying a horse, first look at his head and his eyes for signs of intelligence, temper, courage and honesty. Unless a horse has brains, you cannot teach him to do anything well. If bad qualities predominate in a horse, education only serves to enlarge and intensify them. The head is the indicator of disposition. A square muzzle, with large nostrils, evidences an ample breathing apparatus and lung power. Next see that he is well under the jowl, with jawbones broad and wide apart under the throttle. Breadth and fullness between the ears and eyes are always desirable. The eyes should be full and hazel in color, ears small and thin and thrown well forward. The horse that turns his ears back every now and then is not to be trusted. He is either a biter or a kicker, and is sure to be vicious in other respects, and, being naturally vicious, can never be trained to do anything well, and so a horse with a rounding nose, tapering forehead, and a broad, full face below the eyes is always treacherous, and not to be depended on. Avoid the long-legged, stilted animal.—always choosing one with a short, straight back and rump, withers high and shoulders sloping, well set back and with good depth of chest, fore legs short, hind legs straight with low down hock, short pastern joints, and a round, nulish shaped foot."

Profitable Apple Orchard.

A Philadelphia paper gives an account of the apple orchard of Christopher Shearer, of Berks County, in th at State, which appears to owe its success to the copious manuring which the land received before the trees were planted. He has tested commercial fertilizers, but finds them of little value compared with stable manure, which he continues to draw for his farm five miles, at the rate of over a thousand loads per annum, at a price of more than a dollar a load. On such heavily manured land he has had 400 bushels of potatos and four tons of hay per acre. His apple trees are largely Baldwins. By means of his retarding house, which will hold 3,000 bushels, he keeps the apples from April to July, and sells them at from one to two dollars a bushel. This retarding house is built of heavy double walls of masonry, and is kept near the freezing point at all times, by means of a large supply of ice. It appears to us to have been needlessly expensive, costing over $5,000, and requiring over a thousant tons of ice to fill the portions devoted to it. Doubtless, however, the industrious and enterprising owner makes it pay. Beside the apples sold, he makes yearly 10,000 gallons of vinegar, worth 17 cents a gallon; he has 3,000 peach trees, obtains valuable returns from his Bartlett pears, and his Crescent strawberries yielded over 160 bushels per acre. New strawberry plants are prepared by giving 50 tons of manure per acre, and 25 tons are yearly added.

What Three Acres Will Do.

A Lackawanna, N. Y., man tells in an exchange how he made money on three acres. He says: I will give you some of the items that I have grown this year—quantity and amount realized:

10,000 young onions at $2.50 per thousand at the door, amount	$ 25 00
Spinage and pie-plant, amount	8 00
Plants, various kinds, amount	15 00
112 bushels strawberries, at $3.00 per bushel	358 40
300 quarts raspberries	25 00
275 quarts currants	22 00
15 bushels potatos (early crop)	30 00
20 bushels pears	25 00
5 bushels onion sets	20 00
Other fruits	5 00
25 pounds sage	15 00
10 pounds turnip seed	10 00
4 pounds sage	10 00
	$560 40

Besides the above not included in figures we have canned fruit, etc.; One hundred one-quart cans pears, 12 of strawberries, 12 of crab apples, 10 quarts pear jelly, 10 quarts crabapple jelly. This is what can be done on a small farm—at least what has been done.

Artichokes for Swine.

It is stated that artichokes have been grown for swine for several years at the Michigan Agricultural College, an institution whose practice many consider good authority. The method of management has been to have a small patch of artichokes convenient to the swine pens, upon which the breeding sows were turned early in the Spring, and allowed to harvest the roots for themselves. The crop is thus grown with very little labor, since it requires no harvesting, and it furnishes the succulent food for the sows, just when it is most needed and most difficult to obtain from other sources. Prof. Johnson, Farm Superintendent, is so well pleased with the result of this management that he is enlarging the artichoke plantation.

SETTING A BROKEN NECK.

A Remarkable Operation or a Very Remarkable Lie.

A special from Troy, N. Y., says: "John Ibetson and his son Robert, of Troy, fell from the roof of a house on which they were working, in East Syracuse, at 1 o'clock yesterday. The distance was 50 feet. Ibetson is portly, and weighs more than 200 pounds. His son fell on top of him. When Mr. Ib etson was taken up he was completely paralyzed. The physicians who were called found that Mr. Ibetson's neck was dislocated in precisely the way which commonly results in cases of hanging. His arms and legs were powerless, his head immovable, and his body so devoid of sensation that he did not feel a pin thrust into him anywhere. He could speak. The doctors decided to try and repair the dislocation. Two strong men seized his feet, two more took hold of his head, and then they pulled in opposite directions with all their might, while the doctors manipulated the bones of the neck. It was 3:30 P. M. before the man's neck was set. When the pressure caused by the displacement of the bones of the neck was removed from the spinal column the man raised his arms and said he felt better. Anæsthetics were next applied and the patient said he felt no pain during the operation. The doctors say that he will recover.

The only known nerve sedative is Dr. Richmond's *Samaritan Nervine*. It is without a rival.

Snake Stories.

Charles Doroney, of Henry County, Ga., killed 31 vipers within a radius of 30 feet.

E. H. Ezell,, or Houston County, Ga., killed in a single week in his dooryard, 17 rattlesnakes.

While hunting for squirrels, Z. T. Penny, of Drayton, Ga., shot a rattlesnake six feet long and having 13 rattles.

Sidney G. Gibson, of Valley Grove Church, Ga., while picking cotton, killed a rattlesnake five feet in length, furnished with 12 rattles.

A rattlesnake with 13 rattles and seven feet five inches long was recently killed on an island in Lake Winnipisseogee.

M. T. Brosher, a wood-chopper of Logan County, Ky., was struck from behind by a rattlesnake. He ran 200 yards, but the snake stuck fast to him, its fangs having penetrated his boot-leg. He then plucked up courage and killed it

More than 3,000 snakes were killed within a mile of Falls City, Neb., during the June overflow. They were driven by the water from the bottom lands, and swarmed upon the embankments thrown for railways. They were chiefly garter-snakes, water moccasins, blue racers and rattlesnakes. A horse confined in a pasture surrounded by a wire fence in the overflowed district, when released, had several snakes in its mane, where they had evidently taken refuge.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

WEEKLIES.	Their Price.	With Blade.
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 35
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 35
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 35
New York Ledger	2 00	2 40
Fraink Farmer	2 00	2 40
Rural New Yorker	2 00	2 85
Scientific American	3 20	3 70
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 15
Chicago Advance	2 50	3 15
Weekly Am. Bee Journal	2 00	2 90
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake (Juvenile)	2 50	3 15
St. Nicholas (Juvenile)	3 00	3 55
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 05
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 25	1 95
Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 65
Our Little Ones (Juvenile)	1 50	2 15
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 40
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 35
Demorest's Monthly World	1 50	2 15
Leslie's Popular Monthly	2 50	3 15
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 15
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 35
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 65
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 45
The Century	4 00	4 35

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

The Sunday School.

David's Friend—Jonathan.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1883.

Golden Text.—A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —PROV. 18: 24.

LESSON TEXT.

1 Sam 20: 32-42.

32. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?

33. And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him, whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David.

34. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month, for he was grieved for David because his father had done him shame.

35. And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David and a little lad with him.

36. And he said unto his lad, Run find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him.

37. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot Jonathan cried out after the lad and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee?

38. And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows and came to his master.

39. But the lad knew not anything; only Jonathan and David knew the matter.

40. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto the lad, and said unto him, Go carry them the city.

41. And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times, and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded.

42. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever. And he arose and departed, and Jonathan went into the city.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Our last lesson gave us a glimpse of Jonathan as the friend of David. This lesson brings the friendship of Jonathan for David into prominence. It is, as a whole, a lesson on friendship. Its incidents show us:

HOW TRUE FRIENDSHIP WILL PROVE ITSELF.

1. In Unselfish Championship (vs 32-34)
2. In Ingenious Devotedness (vs 35-40)
3. In Outspoken Affection (v 41)
4. In Unswerving Fidelity (v 42)

IN UNSELFISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said, What hath he done? So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger; for he was grieved for David (vs 32-34.) It mattered not to Jonathan that Saul was both his father and his king, or that his own interests lay with his kingly father, and against his father's supposed rival. David was his friend, and he was ready to champion his friend, even at the risk of losing his father's favor and of destroying the possibility of his own succession to the thorone There is no closer tie than a sacred friendship. It binds more strongly than any tie mere blood can bind, for "there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." No friendship can be sacred, can be God-approved, can be counted such a friendship as illustrated in this story, or is commended in the Bible, unless it is pure and fitting friendship; but the right and proper friendship is in its very nature unselfish, and it will be sure to prompt one to champion his friend, and to stand for his imperilled interests at whatever may be the cost to himself, or against whomsoever he must be opposed in this championship. One's welfare and one's good name are as safe in his friend's keeping and in his friend's presence as they can be in any human care. He who will not stand by a friend when he is unjustly assailed, even though he has to find himself at variance with those of his own flesh and blood, and even though his personal interests seem to suffer by the stand thus taken, cannot claim to be a real friend If he makes this claim, he shows he does not understand the measure and the obligations of true friendship. The large requirements of true friendship make it all the more important that our friendships be only those which can be approved of God, and which in God's sight can justify their sure cost of unselfish service.

IN IDENTIFYING HIS SWEETEDNESS.

Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. But the lad knew not anything; only Jonathan and David knew the matter (vs. 35-39.) Affection, like necessity, is the mother of invention. A true friendship will make one watchful for opportunities to do for his friend, and will give him ingenuity in his planning, and tact and deftness in his performance of the behalf or amusement of true friend although glad to be called on for any service will not wait to be called on His friendship will make him sensitive to the needs of his friend; and he will find ways to bedge about his friend's path with skilful kindnesses, that only that friend will ever know of. It may be, that friend would never know the source of these kind nesses, except from knowing that only one person in all the world would think of doing just the thing and at just this time. Although David and Jonathan could not see each other for a season, they could understand each other, and could realize their mutual friendship all the more for its evidences which no one but themselves were aware of. Friendship often demands of a friend his keeping in the background. How to do do this without failing in wise service and without giving any cause for distrust, is one of the severest tests of true friendship, as well as in the phases of the Christian life, we must often walk by faith, when it would seem so much easier to walk by sight.

3. IN OUTSPOKEN AFFECTION.

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose, and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded (v. 41.) While they must be separated, David and Jonathan could keep apart, and give no signs of recognizing each other's nearness. But when they could show their affection for each other they were ready to do it; they had to do it. Sharing each other's joys and sorrows, they must give evidence of their mutual sympathy, at times when they could do so. True affection will always be outspoken when it can outspeak. A heart that is full to overflowing must overflow when it is uncovered. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, if there is nothing to hinder. When repression of feeling, the privilege of expression is of course denied; but just so far as true friendship can declare itself, it will declare itself in words as well as actions. And words have as real a place as actions in proving a friendship. In our friendships as well as in every other sphere of our being, there is a sense in which by our words we serve ourselves. There are times, indeed, when more real help can be given to a friend by a word or a tear than any more prominent and tangible evidence of affection or sympathy. Here also must be consideratesess and fitness in the manner and limits of outspoken affection. Jonathan was the king's son and David insisted on showing him deference accordingly, from the beginning to the end of this interview. No sincerity of friendship can obliterate real distinctions in character, circumstances or position. One friend may say or do what the other friend may not. One may accept what he cannot reciprocate. One may render what he cannot look to have returned. But a real friendship may be all the more real because of the proper observance of these distinctions.

4. IN UNSWERVING FIDELITY.

Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the name of the Lord, saying, the Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever (v. 42.) A true friendship is not dependent on position and circumstances, nor even on continued intercourse. Jonathan and David might seem to have been separated by it, they might be separated never to meet again. The line which their circumstances would draw between them, might appear to make their separate interests hostile. But they were friends. In God's sight their mutual friendship was recognized and pledged, and true friends they would remain to the close of life. Moreover, the tie which bound them to each other as friends, would not fail to manifest itself in their loving interest in each other's loved ones, and their children after them would recognize the true friendship of the parents. A friendship that can fail was never a real friendship. A real friendship cannot fail. To doubt whether a friend remains a friend is, therefore, to doubt whether he ever was a friend. To know that one was a friend is to know that he is a friend. And a true friendship is sure to give a tender regard for all those who are linked with or who in any sense represents one's friend. Only one with the royal spirit of a David or a Jonathan can be such a friend, or can have such a friendship, as this Bible story delineates. And no such friendship is possible except between those who are ready to say, each to the other: "Go in peace (if we must separate) forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, the Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

Catarrh of the Bladder,
Stinging Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

News of the Week

Anarchy in Egypt.

LONDON, Nov. 22.—A dispatch to Reuter's Telegram Company, dated Cairo, 8:25 this morning, says the army of Hicks Pasha has been destroyed by the forces of El Mahdi, the False Prophet. Intelligence of the disaster was brought to Khartoum by a Coptice official. The fighting is said to have continued from the 3d to the 5th inst., and to have resulted in the complete annihilation of the Egyptian troops. It is stated that a European artist was the only person who escaped.

The forces of El Mahdi comprised, it is estimated, 300,000 men, and includes Dervishes, Bedouins, Mulattos and regulars. The battle was fought near El Obeid. El Mahdi first sent forward the Dervishes, declaring they would vanquish the enemy by divine aid. Subsequently the regulars joined in the attack, and later the engagement became general. The army of Hicks Pasha, which, early in the battle, was divided into two bodies, was subsequently re-united and formed a square, which the forces of the False Prophet broke after three days' desperate fighting.

A council of Ministers has been held, and it has been decided to concentrate at Khartoum what Egyptian troops remain at Dnem, Goba and other places in Soudan. The force under Hicks Pasha comprised 25,000 men. He had with him 10 British officers.

O'Donovan, of the London Daily News, and an artist connected with a German illustrated paper, also accompanied the army.

Evelyn Baring has advised the Egyptian Government to abandon Soudan and establish a strong frontier line from Khartoum, in North Sennaar province, to Souakim, on the Red Sea.

It is reported that recent orders for evacuating Egypt by British troops have been countermanded.

NOTE.—Notwithstanding the above reports as to the numbers engaged in the battle, military correspondents of English papers have written that on the 8th of September Hicks Pasha marched out of Khartoum with 7,000 regular infantry and 400 cavalry, of which 100 were Cuirassiers and the remainder Bashi Bazouks, one battery of Krupp guns, two batteries of Mountain guns and one battery of Nordenfeldts. At Bara and Duem, on the road to El Obeid, Hicks Pasha was to be reinforced with 1,600 regular infantry and 1,000 additional Bashi Bazouks, making his total command only about 10,000.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The French press now express delight at the defeat of Hicks Pasha, because it is said the success of the sectean Mussulman barbarians in Egypt threatens England's Indian empire, and France, by force of events, will be called upon to assume her old position in Egypt.

CAIRO, Nov. 24.—Col. Coetlan, with Hicks Pasha, sent a telegram from Khartoum to Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, confirming previous reports of the disaster to Hicks Pasha's army. He says the whole country has risen. The Government has asked Baker Pasha to send 1,000 gendarmes to Suakim to help clear the desert, but Baker Pash refused to send them, thinking they were required in Upper Egypt. It is stated that Turkey offered 20,000 troops to re-establish Mussulman authority in Soudan. Intense excitement prevails everywhere in Egypt. The country is not safe above the second cataract of the Nile. The Khedive has ordered the evacuation of the military posts on the Blue Nile and White Nile; troops from posts on the former river will be massed at Sennoor, and those from posts on the latter at Khartoum. The three principal officers at Khartoum have been ordered to consult and adopt defensive measures. If necessary, Sennoor will be abandoned and troops massed at Khartoum. All recognize the necessity of immediately reopening the road between Suakim and Berber.

A telegram from Mr. Power, the European artist who was with Hicks Pasha's expedition against Obeim, reports the first attack by the Egyptian army was successful. It was not until the enemy was believed to be routed that Hicks Pasha accepted the guidance of an emissary of Mahdi, who led the army into a waterless defile, where it was annihilated.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—DeLesseps is of the opinion that the uprising of Mahdi and his followers is not dangerous. He says if left alone he does not think Mahdi will get far enough north to trouble the Suez Canal. Aksowan, he says, must be strongly fortified and guarded, as that is the most important point at this juncture. Ie thinks it would be very unwise to send English troops to Soudan, as they cannot stand the climate.

A Wonderful Substance!
The results which are attending the administration by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, of their Vitalizing Remedy for Chronic diseases, give new supprises to patients and physicians every day. Nothing like these results has heretofore been known in the treatment of disease. If you have any ailment about which you are concerned, write to them about their new Treatment and it will be promptly furnished.

The Danville Affair.

DANVILLE, Va., Nov. 21.—The Committee of Forty appointed to investigate the facts connected with the riots of the 3d, organized on the 12th inst., and appointed proper sub-committees. All persons having information in relation to these matters were investigated publicly, and were requested to appear before the Committee and testify.

The Sub-Committee regularly attended its duties from the morning of the 13th to the evening of the 21st, during which time 37 witnesses were examined, said witnesses for the most part being known to the Committee personally, and represented all classes and avocations. They are intelligent and thoroughly reliable. The Committee makes a careful and impartial review of all facts connected with the riot.

After speaking of the ill-feeling existing between the blacks and whites the Committee state that the negros were the aggressors. The report adds: Two days before the election a circular signed by prominent citizens and leaders of both political parties, was issued guaranteeing every person without regard to color or party, free and unhindered right of voting. There was no violence, threat or intimidation shown toward the negro or Coalition voters, but on the contrary such voters were repeatedly assured by citizens, policeman and military officers sent to Danville by the Governor, that they would be protected in their right to vote as they chose on election day. There was quiet without any disturbance, or difficulty at any precinct or elsewhere in town, and the election was honestly conducted, being free and fair in all respects. The negros, as a body, refrained from voting, under advice and command of their party leaders, while others voted the Coalition ticket without any hindrance from any quarter.

He Has No Objection.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senator from this State, remarks: "My opinion, sir, I have no objection to giving. I suffered from rheumatism of the back, used St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief and finally cured me completely. I think it a remarkable remedy, indeed." His candid and courteous expression carries weight.

Sensational Divorce Suit.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Nov. 20.—Quite a society sensation occurred here to-day, being the announcement that Dr. D. C. Gideon, a prominent citizen and editor of the Mail, has been sued for a divorce by his wife on the grounds of adultery, he having sustained criminal relations with certain females, particularly with a young girl named Watson, who came to Bloomington from Peoria a few months ago to assist the Doctor in his editorial duties. This occured when Mrs. Gideon was visiting friends in Cincinnati, but upon her return home she soon became convinced that his female assistant, who is both beautiful and educated, had installed herself in the Doctor's affection, and the couple were not walking virtue's path. The result was Mrs. Gideon separated from her husband, to-day instituting preliminary proceedings for divorce. Both move in the best circles of society.

That Husband of Mine
Is three times the man he was before he began using "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

O'Donnell Said to be a Mollie Maguire.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 21.—The Post-Express publishes a letter from a man who says he knew O'Donnell, soon to be tried in London for killing Carey. He says O'Donnell was one of the chiefs of the Mollie Maguires of Pennsylvania, and that in conjunction with Dan Kelly, Jim Carroll and "Red Shirt," was in several "jobs." The three confederates were hanged. O'Donnell, who formerly called himself Thomas Moran, is the only one left.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO MY WIFE HAD A VERY TROUBLESOME COUGH, of so serious a character that we all became very anxious; indeed, it seemed that we had but little to hope for, as the Lungs were affected. We tried various medicines, but very little if any benefit seemed to be derived from any of them; so that it appeared the disease had complete mastery, and nothing but death would bring relief. I was then advised to give Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant a trial, and doing so, to our surprise found a great benefit from its use. Persisting with it, she gradually commenced improving, until the principal symptoms disappeared entirely, and she has enjoyed reasonably good health ever since.—*John Musgrave, Hubbardsville, Kentucky.*

Murdered for Money.

JACKSON, Mich., Nov. 22.—This morning four persons—Jacob D. Crouch, aged 74, a widower; Henry White, aged 28, a son-in-law of Crouch; Eunice White, aged 33, daughter of Crouch, all of Summit County; and Moses Polley, aged 26, of Transfer, Mercer County, Pa.—were found murdered in their beds, all having been shot through the head behind the ear.

It is supposed that they were chloroformed first, as no signs of a struggle appeared. Each victim was lying as if asleep, and the odor of chloroform was noticeable when the bodies were discovered. Mrs. White was also shot through the left arm. No clue has as yet been discovered, although tracks around the house indicate that a guard was placed while the murder was being perpetrated. Crouch is a wealthy farmer, living seven miles southwest of Jackson, and is the owner of an extensive sheep ranche in Texas.

It is rumored that he had just received about $50,000 from Texas in payment of sales made on the ranche. Bankers here state that no money was deposited by Crouch, and it is presumed that the money was in Crouch's hands. Polley was stopping at Crouch's, having just come from Texas with a large amount of money for the purpose of buying blooded stock.

The theory is that Polley was followed from Texas by the murderer or murderers for the purpose of robbery. The house was thoroughly ransacked and everything of value carried away.

A young girl, adopted daughter of the Whites, and a negro who was sleeping up stairs, are the only persons in the house who escaped the murderous work. How the negro says he heard

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

NASHVILLE, Nov. 24.—An American special from Hickman, Ky., gives an account of a horrible double murder of Hilisman King and wife, an old and respected couple. Their son Arthur this morning visited the house and found his mother dead in a pool of clotted blood. He gave the alarm and neighbors found the father in the barn, covered with shucks and partly eaten by rats. A German pedler is suspected. The house was robbed of $2,000.

King and his wife lived alone on the farm. No one had seen them alive since Tuesday of last week. Arthur King, when he discovered the murder, found evidence of a severe struggle. The furniture was strewn about, and a gun with a broken breech on the floor. Mrs. King's throat was cut, and evidences of three heavy blows on the head. Mr. King's head was crushed by a blow. The trunk in which King kept his money was chopped open with a hatchet. About $300 in another place was not found. The only clue is that the spare bed had been used by one person, and the table shows that one visitor had eaten with the aged couple. This p ints suspicion toward the clock mender seen recently near King's.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Nov. 23.—On the farm of Gen. Granville Moorman, in Bedford County, John Spooler and Richard Newcome, aged 10 and 14 years, were sitting in the stable yard talking. Newcome was chewing tobacco. Spooler remarked that he looked as though he enjoyed chewing. Newcome replied that he always hated hunting, and had made up his mind to shoot the first man who ever asked him for a chew of tobacco. Spooler then said: "Dick, give me a chew." Newcome put his hand in his pocket and said: "If you ask me again I'll shoot you." Spooler renewed the request, and Newcome drew a small pistol and shot him in the stomach. Spooler lived an hour only. The boys had been fast friends and playmates. Since the commission of the deed the young murderer has been over-helmed with grief, and said he did it in a fit of passion.

RICHMOND, Mo., Nov. 23.—The case of Charley Ford, slayer of Jesse James, charged with robbing passengers in an omnibus between Lexington and the Wabash Railroad depot, August 25, 1881, was called to-day, when application was made by Ford for a change of venue, which will be argued to-morrow. Two or three of the robbed passengers and several members of the James family are present as witnesses.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 26.—Friday night a negro named Lewis Houston was arrested on a charge of an attempted outrage upon a respectable widow of this city. The negro was taken to the residence of his intended victim and identified. He was put in jail, and last night a mob of 150 masked men overpowered the jailor, took Houston to a negro settlement in the suburbs and hanged him.

HARTFORD, Nov. 25.—Two New York bunco men arrived in this City early last week and engaged rooms on Asylum street. On Friday last they succeeded in enticing Leslie Wells, a farmer of Griswoldville, into their office, and flecced him out of $1,500. He is a well known church deacon in his village, and the affair has created quite a scandal. The bunco men have fled.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 25.—Chas. Trum shot himself twice in the head this afternoon, in the cemetery, during services at the grave of his late niece. Trum married from Germany last March, with Bertha Engelstatter, acted queerly; he went back into the kitchen; my husband and I got up, and he went into the kitchen. I soon heard a fall, and going out found my husband hanging over a chair with his arms down; Saman started for me and struck me with a hatchet on the head; I grabbed his arm, but he then struck me and threw me to the floor; he went into the front room and killed the baby, who was crying. While he was there I tried to unlock the kitchen door, but he returned and again struck me on the head, knocking me down. I laid perfectly quiet. He went back to the front room and got baby and then came back and poured feathers and straw over us, and then went out. I got up and tried to open the front window, but could not. I then broke a pane of glass and jumped through. He was very nervous in the kitchen nearly all night."

The hatchet with which the crime was probably committed was found in the river. It is stated Saman took Mrs. Ford's body to Ruddy's house Saturday morning, in a trunk, where it remained until the tragedy occurred.

The coroner's inquest rendered a verdict the persons came to their death at the hands of Thomas Saman. The latter was arrested this afternoon near Plymouth. He did not resist, and was taken in charge by the Plymouth authorities.

Suspicion being against Ford, husband of the murdered woman, that he might be implicated in the affair, he was arrested and remains in custody. Several suspicious circumstances tend to show the guilt of Ford and Saman. There was no evidence of Mrs. Ford's murder, and it is thought her death was accidental at Saman's hands; that wishing to conceal the body he took it to Ruddy's, thinking perhaps he could carry it from the house during the night; that Ruddy refused to assist him, when a struggle ensued. The supposition is Mrs. Ford died either from strangulation or drugging, as she frequently indulged in strong drink.

Saman will be brought to Laconia on Monday for trial. Great excitement prevails, and fears are entertained a Vigilance Committee will be organized and the prisoner lynched upon his arrival.

A later report from Plymouth states Saman denies all knowledge of the affair, and his acts are not in a perfect surprise. Saman has never been regarded as vicious, even when intoxicated. At latest reports Mrs. Ruddy's condition is no worse.

LACONIA, Nov. 26.—Salmon, the alleged murderer, arrived here and was taken to the County Jail. In the Coroner's inquest this morning, Dr. Foster testified, upon examination of the body of Mrs. Ford, that he was carried to Ruddy's house in a trunk, and it was probable she came to her death by a heavy body falling on her, perhaps the knees striking near the heart. It was supposed she came to her death by strangulation or drugging. The knife wounds on the legs were done after death. John C. Ford, husband of the murdered woman, who was arrested on suspicion yesterday, was present at the hearing and voluntarily testified. He was apparently unconcerned.

Ford testified at considerable length, telling a straightforward story. He never suspected intimacy between his wife and Saman till three weeks ago. She was always home when he returned from work and her absence Saturday night aroused his suspicion that something was up. He concluded she had gone to Plymouth, and he first heard of the murder from officers next morning.

It is said that while Salmon was wheeling the trunk through the streets several dogs were seen smelling it, evidently attracted by the odor. Salmon was compelled to stop and drive them away. Hearing will be given the prisoner at the conclusion of the inquest.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 26.—Intelligence is received to-night of a bloody riot at the National Mines in Murraysville, West Moreland County, 40 miles east of Pittsburg, between the laborers and rivals of the gas fuel companies, resulting in the death of one man and serious injury of four others. A turning well at that point was claimed by the Pennsylvania Fuel Company and also by Milton Weston, a Chicago capitalist. The Pennsylvania Fuel Company has been in possession. This afternoon a gang of 30 laborers in the employ of Weston made their appearance, armed with shotguns and clubs. Their intention was to take possession of the well and the property surrounding. To reach the well they would be obliged to remove a large pile of lumber. The laborers of the Pennsylvania Fuel Company were digging a trench for pipe.

As soon as the object of the invaders was known C. V. Haymaker, a member of the Pennsylvania Fuel Company, ordered the men out of the trench. They were unarmed, and in order to hold the lumber pile sat on it in a body. The Weston forces moved forward and ordered the laborers off.

The latter refused to go, and after threatening demonstrations the attacking party raised their guns and fired. The assault was unexpected and the result frightful. When the smoke cleared away C. N. Haymaker and three others were found lying on the ground, Haymaker dead, and three others of his party, whose names have not yet been ascertained, seriously and probably fatally injured. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued, and the workmen of both parties engaged in a pitched battle.

A man named Keifer, belonging to the Weston party, was seriously injured and many others slightly. The Weston force being armed, finally put the Pennsylvania fuel forces to flight, and at last accounts were in possession. The Sheriff has been called upon and detectives of this City have been dispatched to the scene.

LATER—It is reported this evening that the gas well was in possession first of the Weston party, and the Pennsylvania Fuel Company were the aggressors. Haymaker's party fled to Murraysville and have been followed by the Sheriff and a posse.

JACKSON, Mich., Nov. 26.—Yesterday afternoon a man representing himself as Col. W. P. Perry, of Pinkeroon's detective force, Chicago, applied to C. B. Bush, Superintendent of the Michigan Central Railway, for a special engine to go to Mason, a small station 30 miles north on the J. L. & S. Railway, in quest of the murderer of the Croman family. Supt. Bush, supposing him to be as represented, granted the request, Perry went to Mason, secured the assistance of the Sheriff of Ingham County and arrested a farmer named Andrews, living eight miles west of Mason, bringing him to Jackson at midnight. Considerable excitement was caused by the arrest, and thousands crowded to the depot, waiting the arrival of the special engine. Owing to threats of lynching the prisoner, the engine was stopped outside the City limits and the prisoner conveyed to the jail in a hack to avoid the mob.

Perry turned out to be a crank, an ex-convict named Howard, and Andrews a respectable farmer who stopped at the hotel the night of the murder, coming in very late, giving for an excuse he had been out to a house of ill-fame. Sheriff Winney examined into the facts and sent Andrews back home.

Minor Mentions.

Henry Smith, aged 45, a professional thief, was shot dead by George Trenwith, in the latter's saloon in Philadelphia.

Patrick Conner, a former section boss on the Hartford & Connecticut Western Railroad, while sleeping on the track on Wednesday night, was killed by the night freight. His decapitated body was found beside the track early Thursday morning.

John Steinhilber, a dissipated fellow, shot dead Thomas Kerns, aged 17, on the street at Ashland, Pa. Steinhilber says he mistook Kerns for a member of a notorious gang. The murder caused much excitement, and the murderer was quickly jailed to avoid lynching.

The Governor of Minnesota refused to issue a requisition on the Governor of Illinois for Gen. William Myers, charged by Daniel B. Vermilye with adultery with the latter's wife. The ground on which the Governor declined was the crime is outlawed by the statute of limitations.

Because Reynold Jackson objected to a friend drinking with Joe Barbour at Charlottesville, Va., Barbour pulled out a knife and cut Jackson's throat from ear to ear. An attempt was made to lynch Barbour, and the jail is now guarded by militia. All the persons involved are negroes.

The prisoners in the County jail at Indianapolis, attempted to escape by the use of dynamite. They succeeded in blowing a hole through the walls large enough to crawl through. They were, however, confronted by the Sheriff with a cocked revolver, ordered to their cells, and securely locked in.

Before being lynched, Jacob Nelling requested his executioners to "Cut off my wind as quick as you can," but desired that the work be done in a business like manner. A paper bearing the words, "A warning to murderers," was affixed to the swinging corpse. The Coroner's verdict was death by violence at the hands of unknown men.

At Camden, N. J., as Edward J. Dougherty was about his jewelry establishment four men entered and pointed a revolver at his wife's head. Dougherty struggled with the thieves and his wife ran into the street, giving the alarm. She was fired at but escaped the shot. The thieves fled, but one was secured. He gave the name of John Welsh, of St. Louis.

Evacuation Day.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The threatening weather of the morning soon developed into a pronounced rain, that increased as the day progressed. Only the more courageous of the men and women retained thier places on the reviewing stand, and those remaining stood upon seats and protected themselves as well as they could with umbrellas. People on roofs, whence they expected to obtain a good view of the parade, as well on sea as shore, quickly sought the shelter of the chimneys or went below. The streets, however, continued crowded. Broadway was a sea of umbrellas. Bunting clung to flagstaffs and walls of houses, and the brightness of the morning soon disappeared.

At noon every steam-whistle in the city begun a salute, which was unbroken for the five minutes' time, during which it was to last.

The fog on bay and rivers deprived the flotilla of steam vessels of much of its expected glory. It was a novel parade to New York, and it attracted a great deal of observation. The program laid down for it by Admiral John H. Starin was strictly adhered to. Boats to the number of several hundred, rendezvoused in the bay, formed in divisions, and steamed into North River and along the New Jersey shore, till opposite Sixty-fifth street, New York; thence returning down the New York side of the river around the battery and into East River, steamed there as far as the Navy Yard, returning along by the Brooklyn shore to the starting point in Bay Ridge. As the boat bearing the Admiral of the fleet passed the "Tennessee," the flag ship of Admiral Cooper, several ships of the United States fired a salute of 21 guns, manned the yards, and made other demonstrations customary upon such occasions.

About 9 o'clock Pres. Arthur, accompanied by ex-Pres. Grant and Gen. Sherman, left the Fifth Avenue Hotel for a point where the head of the column was being formed. There they took their places in the line. It was nearly 10 before the line was put in motion. The police had great difficulty in clearing a passage. After the police came Gen. John Cochrane, Grand Marshal and staff, accompanied by the first troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, under command of Brigadier-General E. B. Grubb. The first division was commanded by Brevet Brig.-Gen. Richard H. Jackson, of the 5th United States Artillery, and composed of United States troops, the escort to distinguished guests, following in carriages.

Pres. Arthur and his Cabinet officers were in the first carriages, and were followed by the governors of States, Mayors of municipalities and other civic officers, officers of the army and navy and delegations of mercantile bodies of this and other cities. Grand Army Posts next, followed by associations of volunteers, fire department of the present and past, and more civic societies.

The head of the column reached the battery at 12:30 P. M. When Pres. Arthur reached the battery stand he was assigned a place there with the Governors of States and reviewed the procession. Later he was driven off to review the river parade of steamboats, after which he went to the Sub-Treasury to witness the unveiling of the Washington statue.

Lower Broadway was crowded with a surging mass of humanity that cheered the President heartily.

The crowd gave a lusty greeting to Gov. Butler, punctuating occasionally by cries of "Tewksbury." The head of the procession passed the office of the Western Associated Press at 12:10; it is now 2:10, and the military organizations have not all yet passed. The rain is still falling. There is no window to-day without its occupants, and platforms, public and private, are crowded.

France and China.

HONG KONG, Nov. 26.—The possibility of war has caused a great drain of specie to Tonquin. Wealthy citizens of China have drawn within the past month $5,000,000, Chinese mercantile interest in Hong Kong and Shanghai is p ralyzed.

In regard to the fight at Haidzuong, but for the aid of a passing gunboat the position would have been lost. The French garrison had 150 men killed. The town was completely destroyed.

Harphong is threatened by pirates, who are encamped within a half mile of town. Their numbers are increasing daily.

No advance has been made yet against Bacninh. Troops lying inactive at Haina. It is believed nothing will be done till the first week in December.

There are extensive recruiting proceeding in Hankow District, where 30,000 men are already enrolled.

The garrison of Haidzuong have taken refuge on board gun boats.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 26.—The Emperor of China instructs the Viceroy of Nanking to begin hostilities against the French in the event of an attack on Bacninh. He says: "The fact that Annam is a vassal of China is widely known; yet France has dared to invade it. Moreover, Bacninh constitutes one of the gates of the celestial realm; yet France has repeatedly sought to encroach there. We therefore command the Viceroy of Nanking to inform the French Envoy that if France dares to encroach further on Bacninh, China will forthwith dispatch an army to fight the French."

Negros Excited.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 26.—Hearing of threats of lawlessness by negros in the city, the Mayor last night ordered out two military companies to protect the town. The negros are incensed and threatening retaliation since the lynching of Lewis Houston for attempting to outrage a white lady Thursday night. They charge the jailer willingly surrendered the prisoner to the mob Saturday, and that the authorities neglected to take any measures to prevent the lynching.

Early last night groups of negros were observed in different places, discussing the matter. They were heard to threaten to burn the jail and the house of the woman who identified Lewis Houston as her assailant. By 10 o'clock the negros had entirely disappeared from the street, and none could be found at the places where they usually congregate. No services being held at any of their churches, the military remained on duty all night. Additional Gatling gun stands to-day on one of the principal streets. The intended victim of Houston was a Northern lady, who recently came to live here.

There is no Soap made that will do the work the "New French Process" does without injury to the skin or clothing.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

John Kelly is going to Washington in the interest of Sam Cox for Speaker.

The nail and tack mills of Chess, Cook & Co., Pittsburg, have not shut down as reported.

Seventy-five thousand hogs arrived in Chicago Tuesday, the largest single day's receipts ever known.

The total vote of New York State at the late election was 901,950, or only 16,984 less than the vote for Governor last year.

A new process for the manufacture of low carbon steel, which entirely does away with puddling, is being tried at the Bessemer Works.

Bishop William Fitzgraled died in the Episcopal residence at Killaloe, Saturday, aged 64. He was long a professor in Trinity College, and a well known writer.

The Pope has created Dawson, editor of the News and Courier, Charleston, S. C., Knight of the Order of St. George, for the stand he has taken in his paper against dueling.

Strong influences are being brought to bear in Washington to secure the appointment of a Federal Judge for Dakota who is favorable to the removal of the capital to Bismarck.

A violent anti-German demonstration took place upon the occasion of opening of the Czech Theater, at Prague, and was only suppressed by the united efforts of the police and military.

Miss Emma Bond, of Taylorsville, Ills., who was growing nervous from fears of abduction, was placed by her parents in a secure retreat. Her alledged assailants will be tried next month at Hillsboro.

Horatio G. Billings, a Chicago lumber merchant, has suspended. Liabilities, $100,000; assets, $190,000. His money was bound up in Michigan logs, which the low stage of water prevented floating down to market.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier editorially declares the report that it has gone over to Randall for Speaker is false, malicious, and outrageous. Its position of hostility to Randall is, it states, entirely unchanged.

Mr. Rapatoff, British Superintendent of Nicobar Islands, in the Indian Ocean, while riding with his wife on the Island of Camorta, was shot dead by a Sepoy officer whom he had punished. The Sepoy then killed himself.

Hiram Honeycutt, aged 16, was arrested at Indianapolis, charged with having stolen jewelry and money from boarders at the house where he worked to the amount of $300. The goods were recovered.

With other frauds of which some of the Pension Claim Agents have been guilty, is that of securing pensions for Confederate soldiers. This is known to have been done by four different firms and as many different attorneys.

One of the witnesses in the Morey-Campbell Congressional election contest introduced the family Bible to prove his age, and to the consternation of the family the Bible has been sent to Washington as part of the testimony taken.

The Indiana Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. is holding a semi-annual meeting in Indianapolis. During the term 1,718 brothers and 170 widows have been relieved, requiring $31,052.55. Included in other expenditures is the sum of $8,751 for burying dead.

The insurrection in Hayti still progresses. The revolutionists maintain their occupation of the captured towns, while their warship "La Patrie" on the 10th inst. took four valuable prizes, and is reported to have since captured a Government transport.

Advices from Madagascar report a French man-of-war bombarded the unfortified town of Vohemar, on the north coast of Madagascar, November 8th, without giving notice. Five British subjects were killed, and much property belonging to neutrals destroyed or plundered.

John A. Martin, of West Union, Ills., was run over and killed by a Vandalia train in Terre Haute, Ind. He had shipped a car load of hogs from Marshall to Indianapolis, and on getting on a train there, after looking after his stock, fell and was run over. He was 32 years old, and married.

The steamer "Misero," from Loura-Baya, recently stranded on the coast of Acheen, Sumatra. The Dutch authorities were powerless to assist the steamer, because the hostile Rajah threatened to kill the crew if the ship was touched. The British gunboat "Pegasus" has been ordered to the scene from Singapore.

The Fitzgerald libel suit against the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette and its Washington correspondent, for $100,000 damage to his character, etc., came up Saturday in the Supreme Court of the District, on the material objection by the defendants that he had not legally served them with notice of suit. This view was sustained by the Court, and Fitzgerald will have to try again.

The latest number of the Nihilist organ in St. Petersburg, "Will of the People, gives harrowing details of the sufferings of political prisoners at Peter and Paul fortress where they are treated like murderers. No distinction is made between men and women or sick and healthy. Several prisoners have gone mad and committed suicide. Corporal punishment of prisoners is frequent.

The Circuit Court of Lacrosse, Wis., rendered judgment, substantially, that Jeannette Washburn, insane widow of the late Gov. Washburn, should recover dower in a third of the real estate of which the testator was seized during his marriage, together with one third the net personal estate of the testator, and that the executors should admeasure and set off such dower to Jeannette Washburn.

A Wisconsin Town Burned.

ALBANY, Wis., Nov. 27.—Fire early this morning almost completely destroyed Albany, situated near the eastern line of Green County. Flames were first discovered at 1 o'clock, and spread rapidly, sweeping away before them every business building in the place, including the Postoffice and two newspaper offices. There were no adequate facilities for fighting the progress of the fire, and it made such rapid headway that a number of people escaped from the burning buildings barely with their lives, and Will Roberts, Chas. Roberts and Fred. Roberts were severely burned in making their escape from the building occupied by them. Edward Dodge, a young man, was crushed by falling timbers, and Thos. Denman, John Samuel, Thos. Grovenor, Chas. Mathels and Thomas Felloway are probably fatally injured. The weather is of zero and the suffering of many townspeople is great.

Sergt. Mason Pardoned.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 24.—The long petitions forwarded from all parts of the country asking Pres. Arthur to pardon Sergt. Mason, the soldier who fired a shot at Guiteau while acting as a guard at the District jail, have had the desired effect. Today the President issued the pardon prayed for, and the document was immediately forwarded to Auburn prison, where the Sergeant now is.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Sergeant Mason passed through this morning on his way to Locust Grove, Va., where he will join "Betty and the baby." He thinks of taking the situation in Chicago.

Sharon's Alleged Wife Indicted.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 26.—The Grand Jury indicted Miss Hill, claiming to be the wife of Sen. Sharon, and William M. Nelson, her attorney, for forgery, perjury, and conspiracy. Both were admitted to bail.

Sojourner Truth Dead.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Nov. 26.—Sojourner Truth, the colored lecturess and sibyl, died here this morning, aged 108 years.

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The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, } WEDNESDAY, Nov. 28, 1883. }

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans increase	$1,018,400
Specie, increase	939,400
Legal tenders, increase	835,400
Deposits, increase	655,900
Circulation, decrease	46,400
Reserve, increase	1,610,725

The banks are $5,283,900 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is easy at 2@3½ ₱ cent on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6½ ₱ cent. Bar silver, 110½. Sterling Exchange quiet and steady at $4.82½ for long and $4.84½ for short. Government Bonds firmer. State Securits dull. Railroad bonds firm. Stocks dull but generally steady since 11 o'clock.

Government Bonds—4½s, coupons, 115; 4s, 122½; 3s, 100½; Pacific 6s, '95, 130.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 27.	Nov. 2.
4½'s, coupons	115	114¾
4's "	122½	122¾
3's, registered	100½	100½
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130

TRADE.

The mild weather of the past week had a tendency to check the movement in general merchandise. The iron trade continues dull. For holiday goods the demand is setting in and is expected to be large.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 red wheat brought 102c in this market; on Wednesday it rose to 102½c; on Thursday it closed at 102c; on Friday 103c was the value; on Saturday it noted 103¼c, and on Monday it stood nominally at 103¼c, exhibiting an improvement of 1½c during the week.

The tone of the market for wheat was a little less despondent within the past week than during the one immediately preceding, but no new feature was developed to influence the market either up or down. The speculative feeling was quite moderate in wheat, and centered principally in January. The improvement in wheat for future delivery marked only a strong fraction. Wheat does not promise a strong up ward tendency for future delivery at present. So long as the receipts continue large and stocks at lake and seaboard ports, as well as in England, exhibit no dimunition, nothing but a strong speculative movement, destitute of firm foundation, can place wheat much higher at present. Predictions made by the oldest and most careful grain dealers have failed regarding the supply of wheat. But few supposed that wheat would be as low as at present, but enormous quantities have poured into market from every direction, and have weighted down the market beyond all calculation. Many well-informed dealers are of opinion that the wheat crop of 1883 has been greatly underestimated. If this shall prove to be correct there will yet be disappointment in store for those who look with confidence for higher prices in wheat; but if the estimates of the United States Bureau of Agriculture are any way near to correctness, wheat will show a sharp improvement before Spring. Corn has shown more firmness than wheat, and at the close of the week there was a free movement in futures. It begins to look as if the amount of good corn in the country is below estimates.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a little better movement of cash wheat than on yesterday. The tone of the market was steady and values somewhat higher.

Sales No. 2 Red Wheat to-day	10,000 bu
" yesterday	bu

No 2 Red Wabash Wheat, 103¾c; Lake Shore No 2 do, 105¾@105¾c, latter to conclude; No 3 Wheat, Lake Shore, 102@2½c, higher and wanted.

For future delivery trade assumed only moderate proportions. Prices a fraction higher.

	Nov. bu.	Dec. bu.	Jan. bu.	Feb. bu.	Mar. bu.
Sales to-day	....	37,000	21,000	41,000	....
" yesterday	....	36,000	....	....	....

Seller December, 103¾c; seller January, 105¾, then 105¾c, 1c improved; seller February, 106¾c, dropped to 106¾c, rose to 107c, and closed at 106½c; Seller May neglected.

Cash corn sold to about the same extent as on yesterday. Prices higher.

Sales Cash Corn to-day	6,500 bu
" " yesterday	8,500 bu

High-mixed Corn, 57@57½c, outside to close, 1c higher; Rejected Corn, 52c, 1c up; No Grade Corn, 38c; 1c better; No 2 White Corn, 55c; No 3 White Corn, 54c.

For future delivery No 2 corn was active and higher.

Sales to-day	104,000 bu.
" yesterday	143,000 bu.

Seller January opened at 52 3-6c and closed at 53c, 1½c higher. Seller May 55⅝c, and on last sales 46¾c, 1½c advance.

Oats—Sale No 2 White at 32½c.

Clover Seed—Fair trade. Prime, $5 80@5 77½, 2½c off; No 2 seed, 5 65, no change; Prime, January, delivery, $5 90.

Latest Markets.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 26.—Oil—Market firmer and fairly active; opened at 118½c, declined to 118¼c, advanced to 118¾c, closed at 118¾c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 27.—Wheat quiet and unchanged; 10,000 bu No 1 hard Duluth, May, at 118c; 2,000 bu No 2 Duluth, at 1 3c. Corn dull; 15,000 bu rejected at 53½@53¾c. Oats nominal; No 2 white western, 35c on track.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—Hogs—Receipts, 40,000 head; market fairly active and higher; light, $4 30@4 80; rough packing, $4 30@4 80; heavy packing and shipping, $4 80@5 30. Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market strong and higher; exports, $6 25@6 75; good to choice shipping steers, $4 00@6 00.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 27.—Wheat excited and higher; November, 96¼c; December, 97c; January, 98¾c; May, 106¾c. Receipts, 104,000 bu; shipments, 14,000 bu. Corn scarce; white, 54c on track. Oats steady; No 2, nominally, 29½c. Rye steady; No 1, 56½c. Barley easier; No 2, 59¼c; extra, 60c.

DETROIT, Nov. 26—Wheat dull; cash, 104c; November, 104c; December, 104½c; year, 104½c; January, 105¾c; —c; No 2 red, 102c; No 2 white, 94¼c. Receipts, 30,000 bu; shipments, 21,000 bu. Corn—No 2 cash, 53c. Receipts, 14,000 bu; shipments, 10,000 bu. Oats —No 2 white, 34¼c; No 2, 32¼@32½c. Receipts, 4,000 bu; shipments, 11,000 bu.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 26.—Wheat — Receipts, 18,000 bu; shipments, 30,000 bu; 82¾c bid cash; 83¼c bid December; 85½c January. Corn—Receipts, 24,000 bu; shipments, 10,000 bu; market weaker; 39¼c cash and November; 33½c year; 30¾@30⅝c January. Oats—Dull and nominal; 22½c bid cash.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 27.—Corn—yellow higher at 58c; white, 54c. Oats at 38c. Pork scarce and firm at $12 75. Lard—tierce, $8@8 25; keg, $8 75. Bulk meats firm; shoulders, $5 62½@5 75; long clear and clear rib, $7 00. Bacon—shoulders higher at $5 25; demand running on these in the absence of bulk shoulders. Hams, choice sugar cured, canvassed, $10@15 50.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 27.—Flour firmer and unchanged. Wheat steady; No 2 Red, 105c. Corn firm at 52c. Oats strong at 32c. Rye strong and higher at 61c. Barley quiet and unchanged; extra No 3 Spring at 63@66c. Pork strong and higher; new at $12 50@12 75. Lard steady and higher at $8 25. Bulk meats strong and higher at $5 50@6 75. Bacon firmer at $8 25@8 75. Whisky firm at 113c.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26—Flour—Market quiet; Ohio extra, $4 00; Pennsylvania family, $5 00; do straight, $4 75@5 50; do straight, $5 75@5 80; Southern Illinois clear, $5 25; winter patent, $6 00@6 50; Minnesota extra clear, $5 25@5 50. Wheat opened ⅝@1c lower but closed a shade firmer; No 2 red, 108@108½c; No 3 do, 100c; No 2 white, 116c. Corn firmer; No 3 mixed, 56½@56¾c; No 3 white, 57c; sail yellow, 62c. Oats quiet and firm; No 2 white, 33¼@33c; No 3 white, 33¼c; No 2 mixed, 31¼@32c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 27—Wheat—Regular higher; 97¼c November; 98½c December; 98½c January; 1 06 February; —c May. Corn excited and higher; 53¼c November; 53c December; 53c year; 53½c January; —c February; —c May. Oats—3½c November; 29½c December; —c year; 30½c January; —c May. Rye at 58c. Barley at 62c. Flax seed at 133½c. Pork higher; $—— November; $—— December; $—— year; $13 75 January; $13 90 February; $—— March; $—— May. Lard higher; $8 30 November; $8 30 December; $8 30 year; $9 52½ January; $8 65 February; $—— May. Whisky unchanged.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Flour—Receipts, 56,000 bbls; sales, 10,000 bbls; market dull and prices without quotable change. Wheat—Receipts, 267,000 bu; market ¼@½c higher and firm; trade quiet and moderate; No. 1 White, nominal; sales 56,000 bu No 2 Red, December, 111⅛@111⅝c; 368,000 bu do January, 113⅛@113⅝c; 648,000 bu do February, 115¼@115⅝c; 48,000 bu do May, 119⅝@119¾c. Corn—Receipts, 162,000 bu; market 1@1⅛c higher and fairly active, mixed western spot, 54@56c; futures, 61½@63½c; sales, 1,560,000 bu. Oats—Receipts, 186,000 bu; market ⅝@⅞c higher and fairly active; western, 35@42c; sales, 240,000 bu. Beef quiet and steady; new extra mess, $13 50@13 75; extra quiet and firm; spot new mess, $12 75@13 00. Lard higher and strong; steam rendered at $8 50. Butter quiet and firm; western, 16@38c; Pennsylvania creamery, 35@38c. Cheese firm at 9@13c. Whisky quiet and steady. Molasses quiet and firm. Petroleum dull and unchanged. Rice firm and in fair demand. Coffee quiet and steady. Freights dull. Tobacco steady at 3½@6½c. Rosin quiet at $1 50@1 55. Tallow firm at 7⅛@7 3-16c for western. Eggs firm at 29@31c.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 27.—Flour firmer; family, $5 00@5 10; choice, $5 50@5 60; fancy, $6 00. Wheat higher; No 2 red, 100⅝@100¾ cash; 1 13c November; 101c bid December; 104½@104⅝c January. 108¾c February; —c March; 110¾@110⅞c May; No 3 red, 94⅛@96½c. Corn better and unsettled at 44¼@45c cash; 44⅝@45c November; 44½c bid December; 44⅝@44⅞c year; 45¼@46c January; 49⅞@50c May. Oats higher; 28½@28⅝c cash; 28½c December; 28½c year; 28⅞c January; 33¼@33⅜c May. Rye slow at 53½@54c. Barley dull at 5 @70c. Lead dull at $3 40@3 55. Flax seed higher at 137c. Butter at —@—. Eggs at —@—. Hay and bran unchanged. Corn meal firm at 210c@215c. Whiskey steady at 114c. Pork higher at 12 1 firmer; jobbing, $13 50. Bulk meats higher and firm; slow small lots loose long clear, $6 50; short rib, $6 55; long clear, $6 80. Bacon higher; short rib, $8 25; long clear, $8 50. Lard higher at $8 15 bid. Receipts —Flour, 5,000 bbls; wheat, 15,000 bu; corn, 10,000 bu; oats, 14,000 bu; rye, 3,000 bu; barley, none. Hogs—Active and higher; Yorkers, $4 35@4 50; packing, $4 70@5 10; butchers', $4 90@5 10; receipts, 5,400; shipments, 450. Cattle active and strong, demand exceeds the supply; good to export steers at $5 50@6 50; Texans, $3 25@4 15. Receipts, 500 head.

Live Stock Markets.

BUFFALO, Nov. 26.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, 2,300 head; consigned through, 41 cars; fair demand and prices higher; offerings mainly poor to medium; fair demand only a small proportion of choice stock; good to choice steers, $5 85@6 10; no strictly extra here; good shippers, $5 45@5 75; fair to medium, $4 60@5 35; light butchers, $4 30@4 60; butchers cows and heifers, $3 70@4 30; stockers in lighter supply; Canadas, $3 80@4 30; western, $3 50@4 00; fat bulls, $3 45@4 15.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 3,800 head; consigned through, 7 cars; market moderately active and higher; fair to good western sheep, $3 50@4 25; choice to fancy, $4 35@4 80; common, $3 15@3 40; western lambs, $——; Canada do, $5 25@5 85.

Hogs—Receipts, 3,500 head; consigned through 24 cars; demand good and prices a shade higher; good to choice Yorkers, $4 50@4 60; light and mixed, $4 25@4 45; good mediums, $4 65@4 75; choice heavy, $4 75@4 90; pigs, $3 75@4 10; fair to good, several cars arrived late and remain unsold.

CHICAGO, Nov 26—Hogs—Receipts, 33,000 head; shipments, 1,300 head; market strong, active and higher; mixed packing, $4 25@4 75; heavy packing, $4 70@5 20; light, $4 40@4 75; skips, $3 00@4 00.

Cattle—Receipts, 6,000 head; shipments, 1,200 head; market stronger; exports, $6 25@6 75; good shipping steers, $5 00@5 60; common to medium, $4 35@5 50; range cattle steady; grass Texans, $3 75@4 60; Americans, $4 50@5 60.

Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; shipments, 1,000 head; market steady; inferior to fair, $——; good, $3 50; choice, $——.

Liverpool cable reports American stock steady; best American steers, 15c ₱ stone ₱ lb; refrigerator beef, unchanged; tallow, 37s 6d.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Beeves—Receipts for to-day, 3,800 head, making 19,930 head for the week; market advaced ¼c ₱ lb, dressed weight; all grades; yards cleared early; common to prime steers, $5 25@6 50 ₱ cwt, live weight; extra do, $6 75 car load; premium do solp at 8; exporters used 35 car loads good to prime steers.

Sheep—Receipts for to-day, 10,000 head, making 39,000 head for the week; market steady; poor to prime sheep, $3 75@5 25 ₱ cwt; lambs, $5@6.

Swine—Receipts for to-day, 12,960 head, making 50,160 head for the week; nothing doing.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 26.—Beef cattle slow; tops unchanged, other grades 1@2c off; best beeves $5 50@6; first quality, $4 25@5 25; medium, $3@4; common dressed, $2@2 50; last sales from $3 to $4. Receipts, 2,028 head.

Swine—A full supply and in moderate to good demand; receipts, 5,068 head; quotations at $5 50@6 25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 2,888; quotations of sheep, $3@4 62½; lambs, $4@5 50.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Nov. 26.—Cattle—Receipts for to-day, 1,482 head; market slow at about last week's prices.

Hogs—Receipts to-day, 3,565 head; market slow; Philadelphias, $5 00@5 25; Yorkers, $4 30@4 60.

Sheep—Receipts to-day, 1,600 head; market slow at about last week's prices.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.—Cattle—Receipts for the past week will be over 3,500 head; sheep 15,000 head; hogs, 8,500 head; beef cattle in fair demand and prices a fraction higher on Saturday, but at opening to-day rates were unsettled and closed at last week's quotations; extra, $6 75; good, $6 00@6 50; medium $5 25@5 75; common, $4 25@5 00; Texans, $——.

Sheep—Receipts, ——head; market dull and 25c lower on upper grades, and 50c lower on common stock; prime, $4 75@5; good, $4 25@4 50; medium, $3 25@4 00; common, $2 00@3 00; lambs, $3 50@6 00.

Hogs—market in fair demand; extra choice at $5 40@5 50; $5 10@5 25; medium, $5 00@5 00; common, $6 50@6 75.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 26.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; market